

NATIONAL

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DECEMBER
57

COMICS

10¢

The **BARKER**
MEETS
The WITCH DOCTOR!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES—I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SA!! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH --

-- WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

K-CHOO!

CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

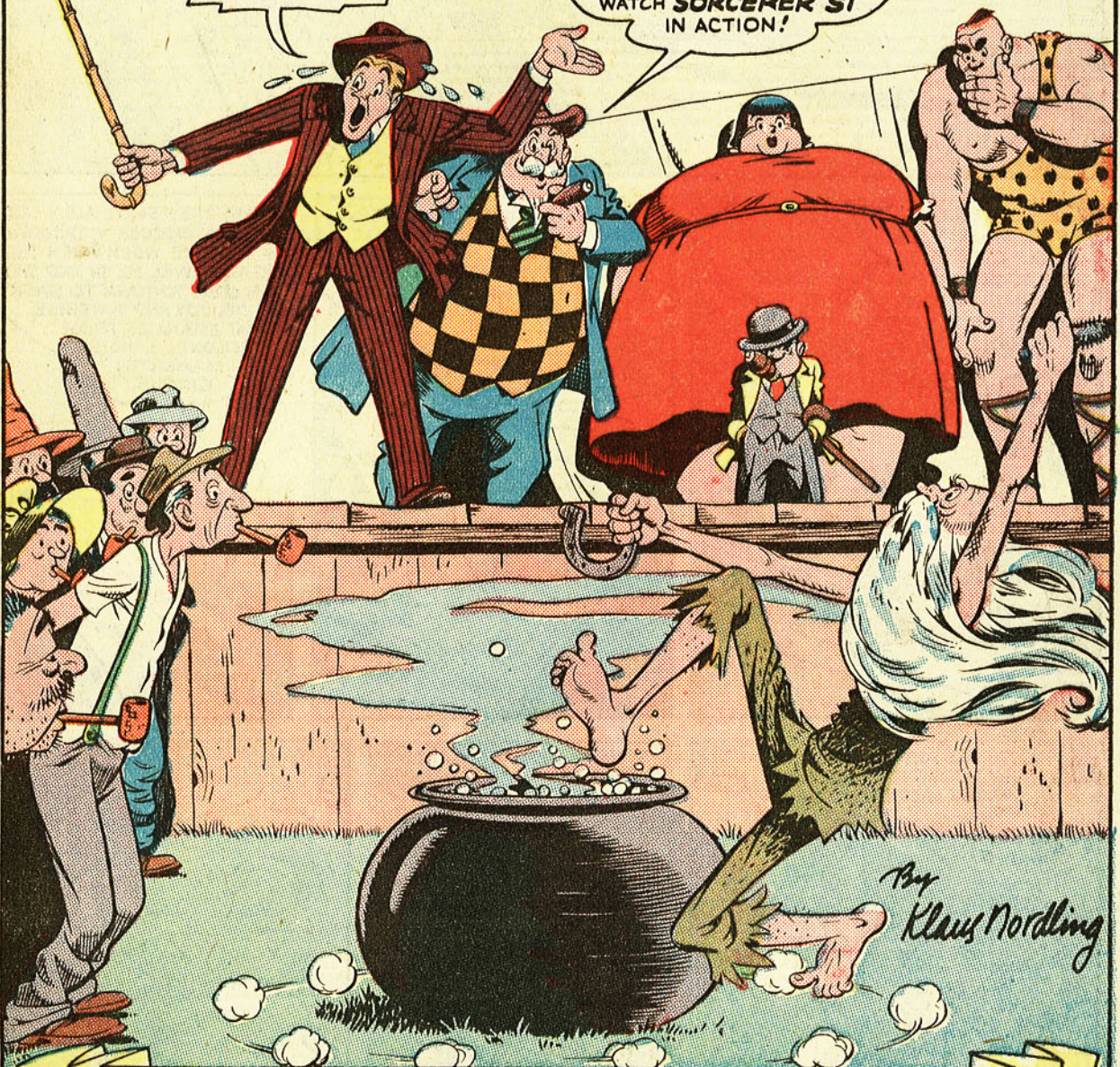
PEPSI SEZ:

DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON - ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

The BARKER

AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ON THE INSIDE WE HAVE A HUNDRED
MORE THRILLING
ATTRACTIONS!

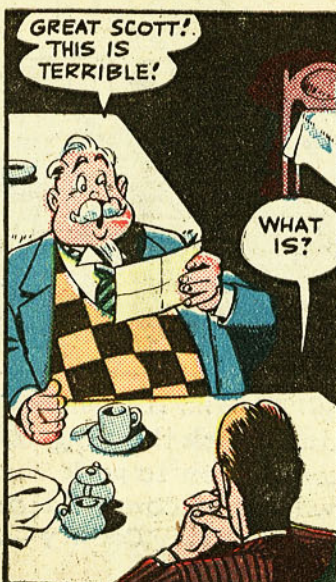
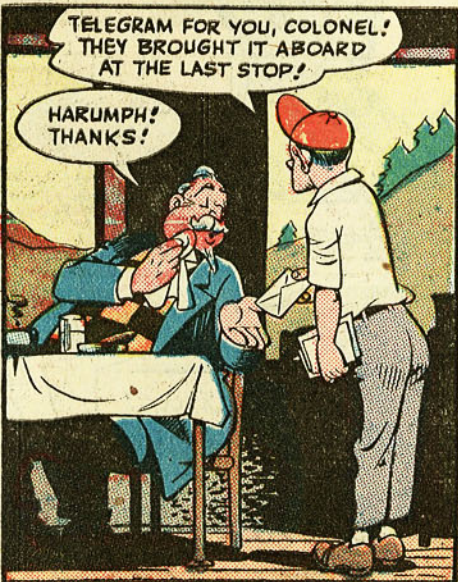
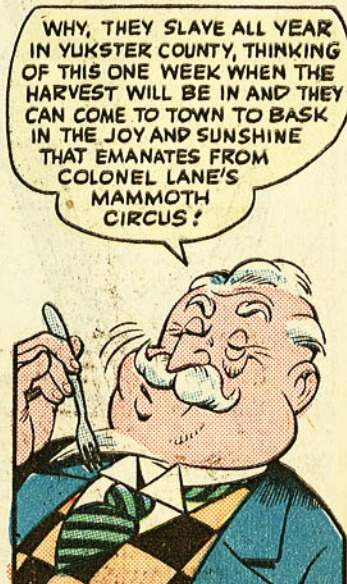
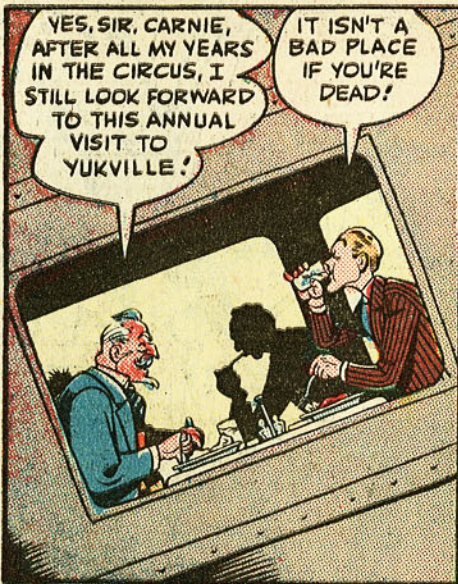
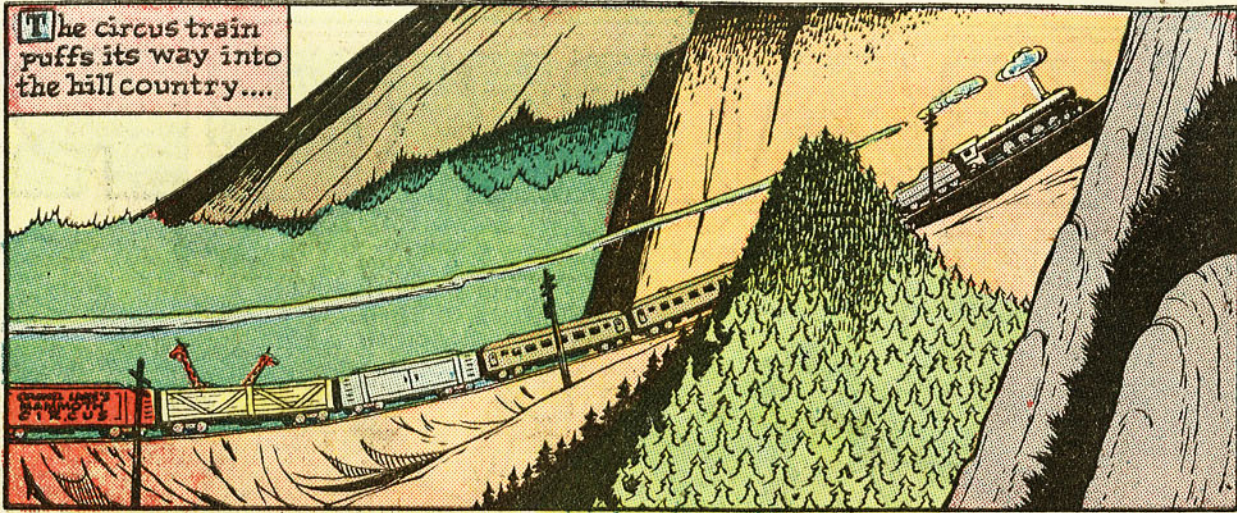
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR
PITCH, CARNIE! THESE
HILL BILLIES WON'T GO FOR
A CIRCUS WHEN THEY CAN
WATCH **SORCERER SI**
IN ACTION!

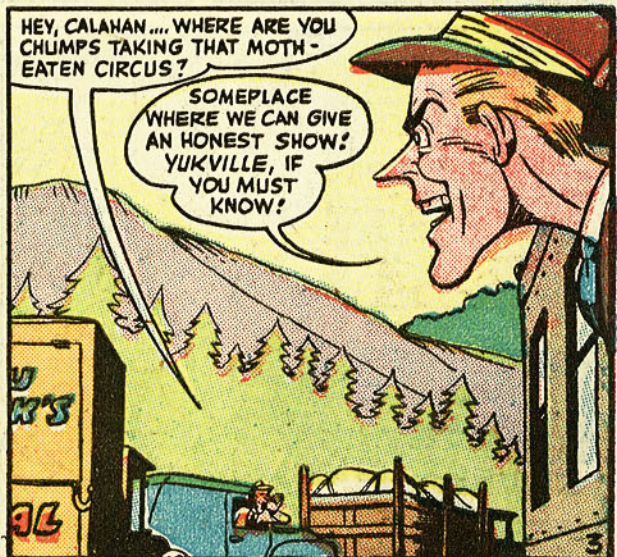
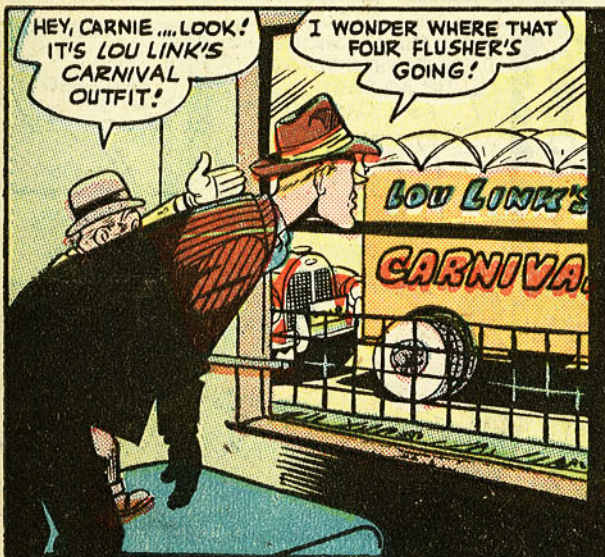
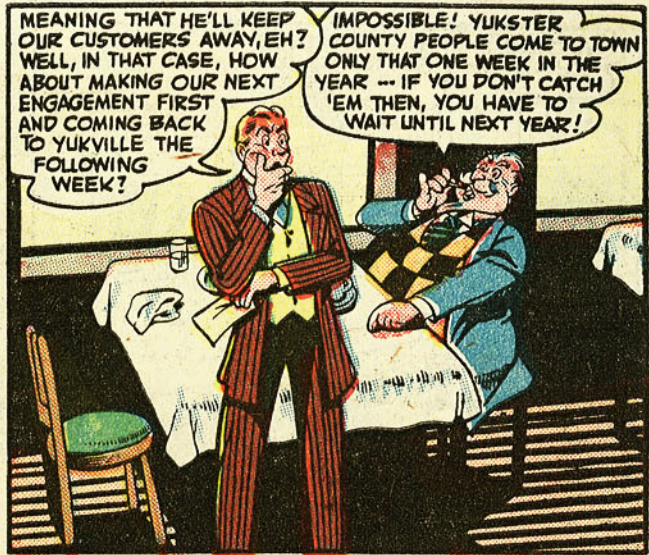
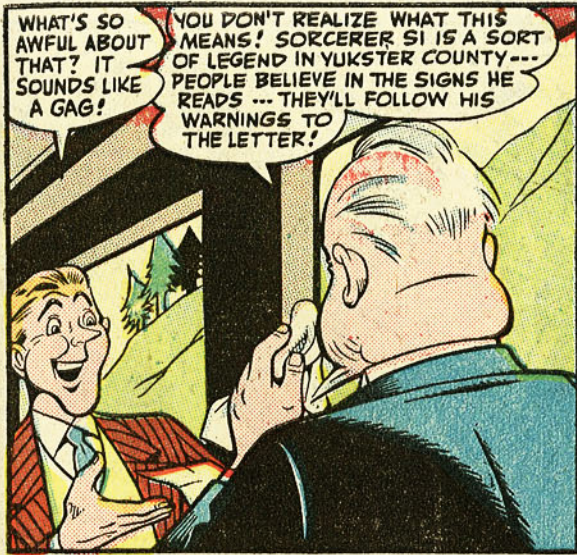


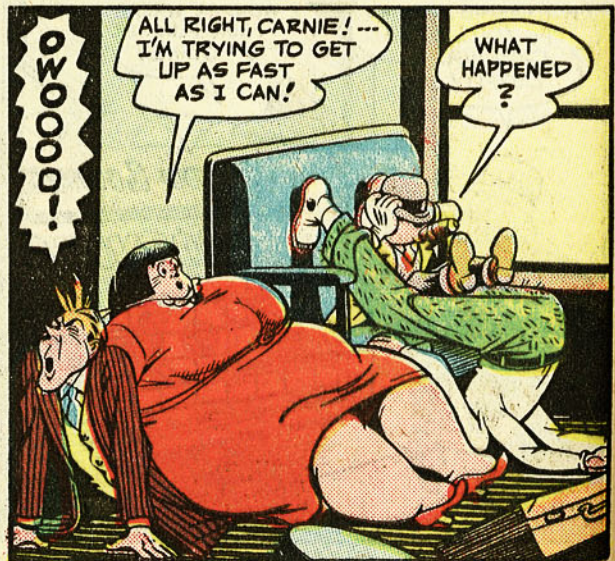
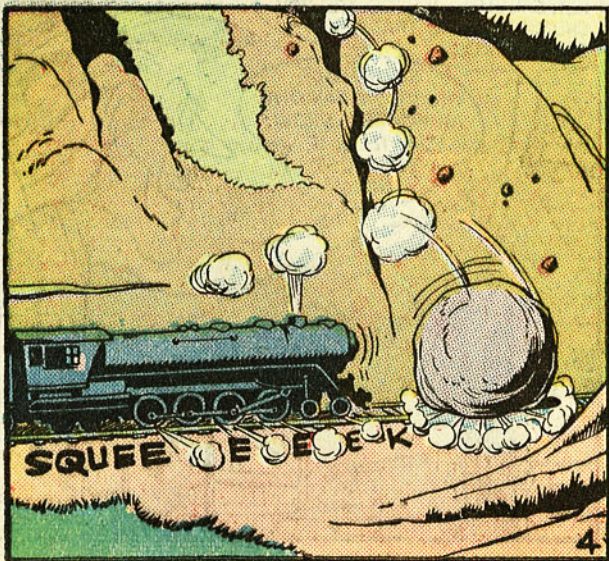
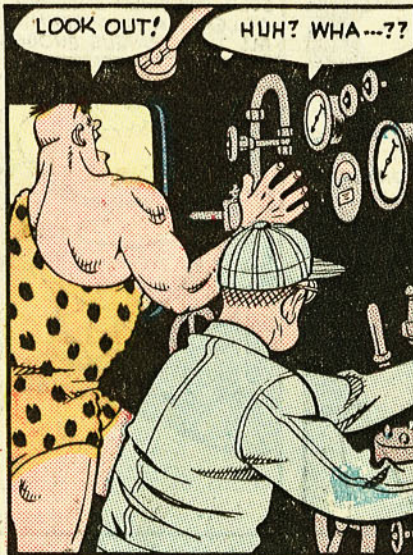
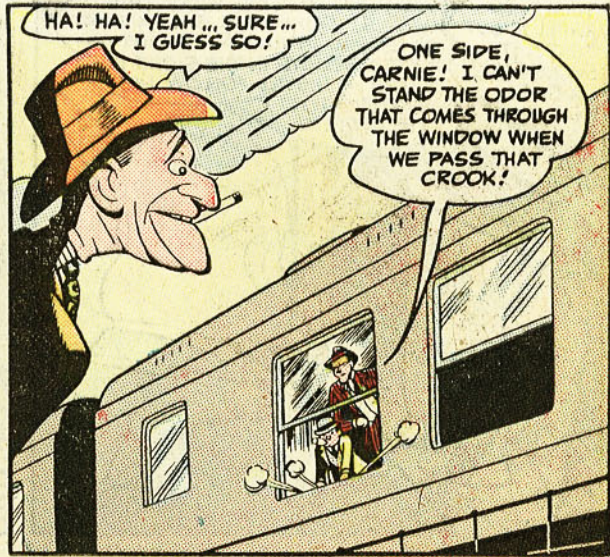
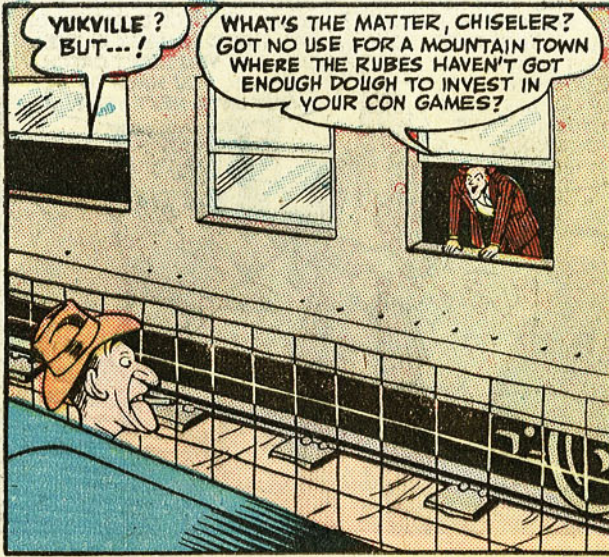
By
Klaus Nordling

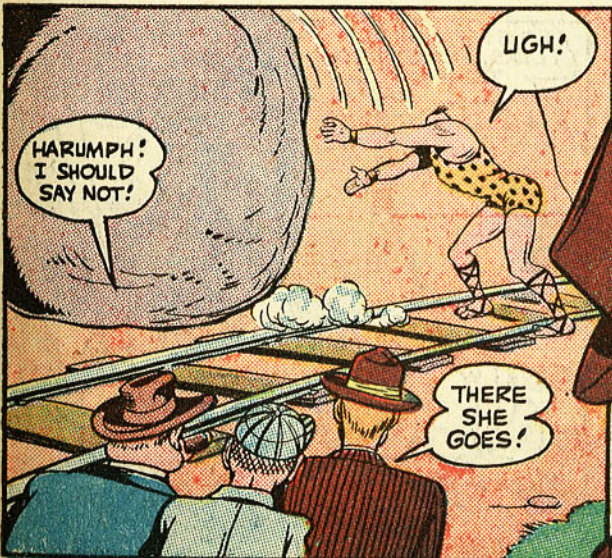
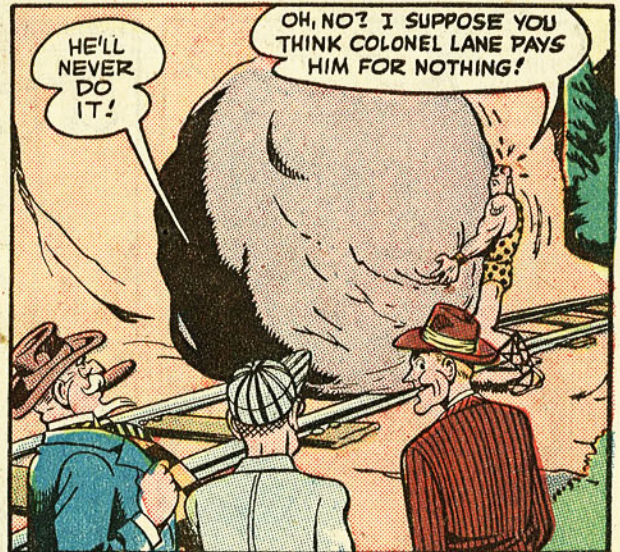
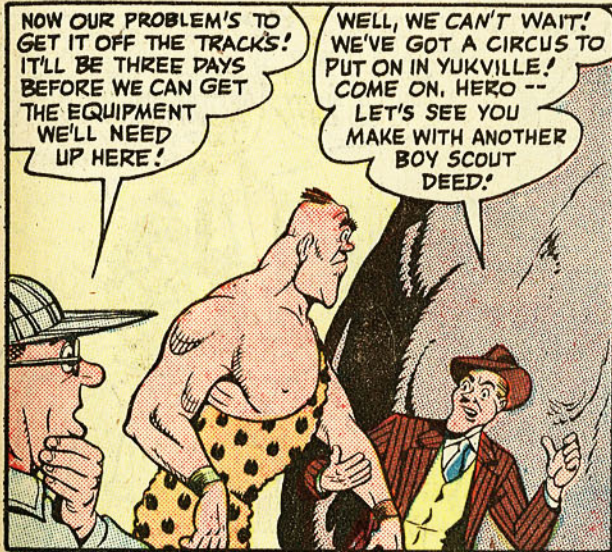
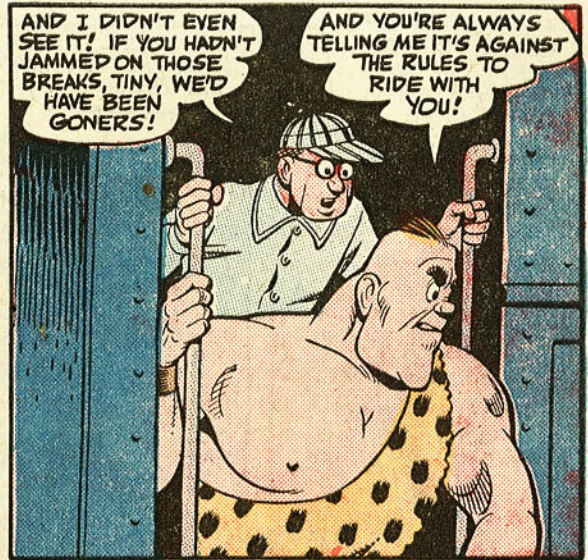
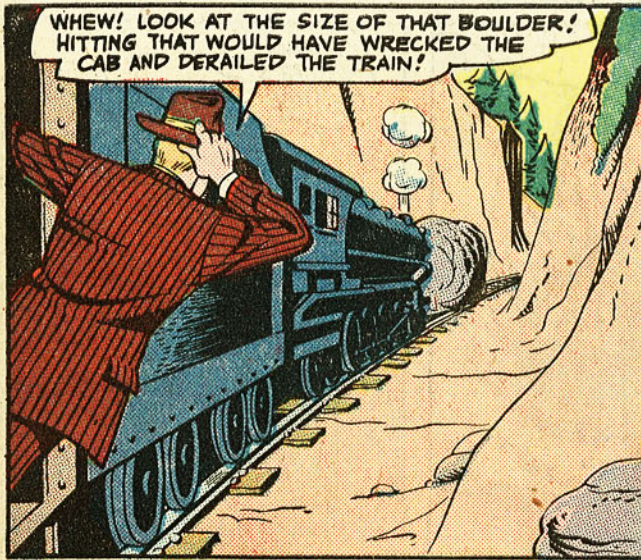
It's big.... it's EXCITING it's Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus? And the fast talking, quick thinking **BARKER**, Carnie Calahan, could always be counted on to pack the customers in until he ran into a new kind of competition in the person of the most feared man in Yukster County -- **SORCERER SI**, the Mountain Witch Doctor!

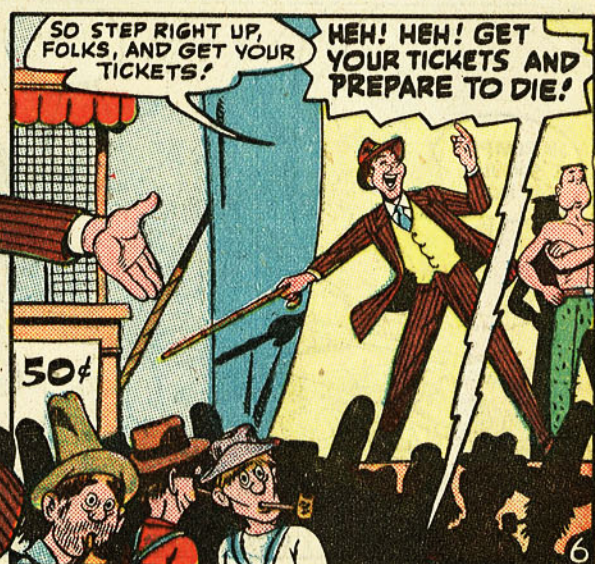
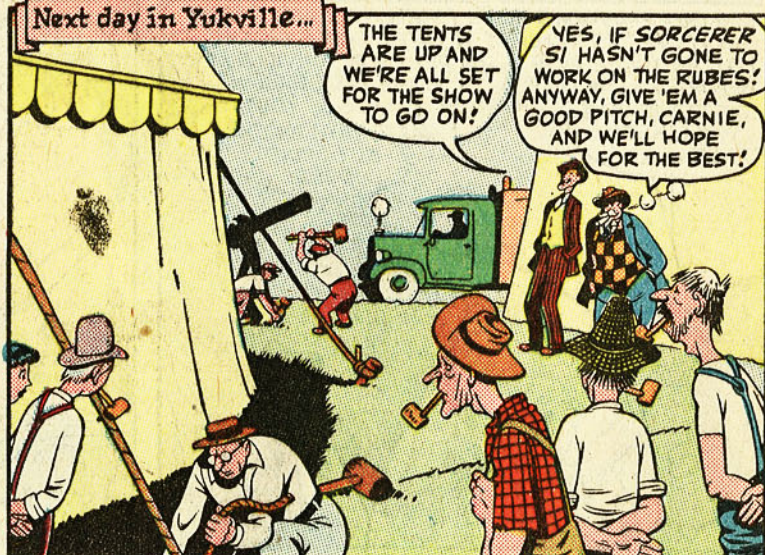
The circus train puffs its way into the hill country....

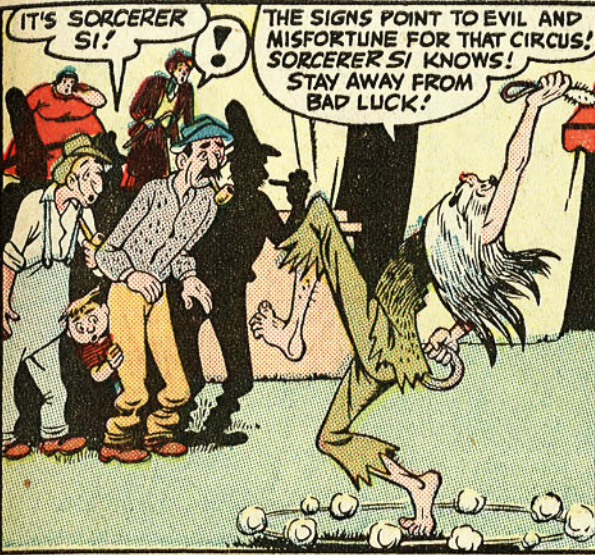




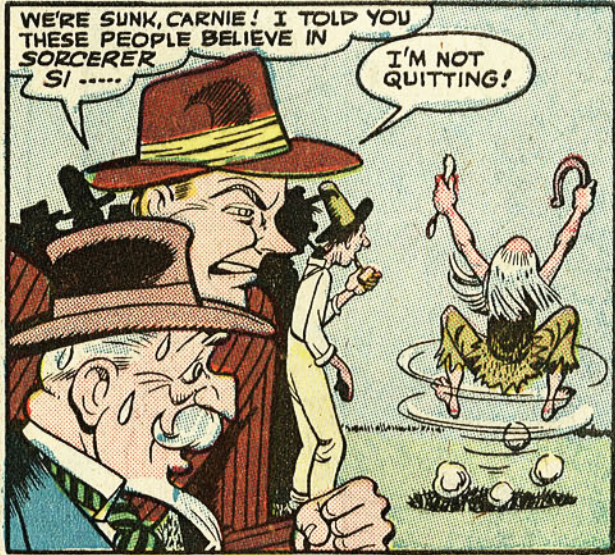








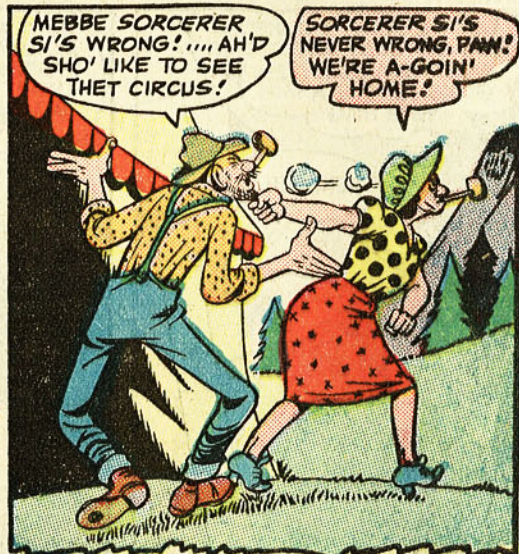
THE SIGNS POINT TO EVIL AND MISFORTUNE FOR THAT CIRCUS! SORCERER SI KNOWS! STAY AWAY FROM BAD LUCK!



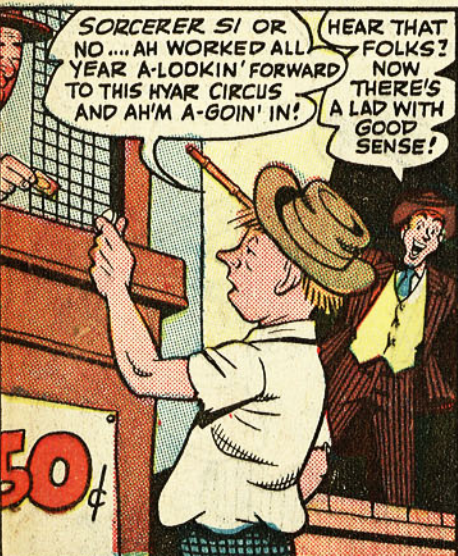
I'M NOT QUITTING!



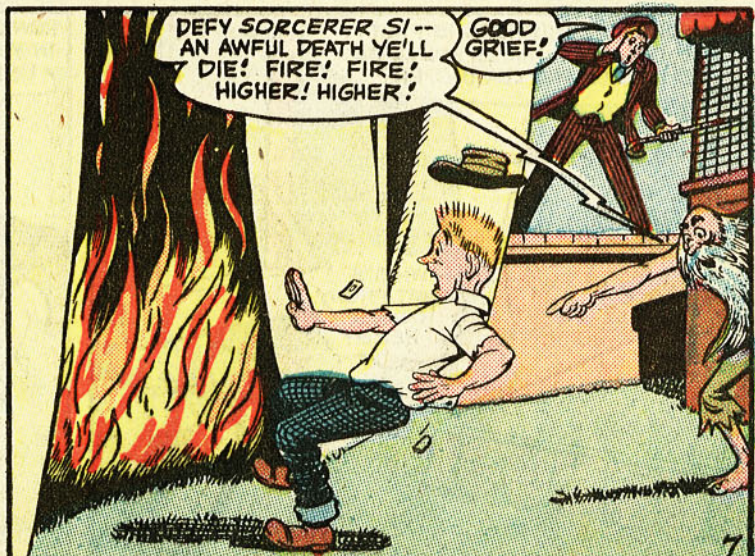
AND THIS YEAR IT BRINGS DISASTER! HEH! HEH!



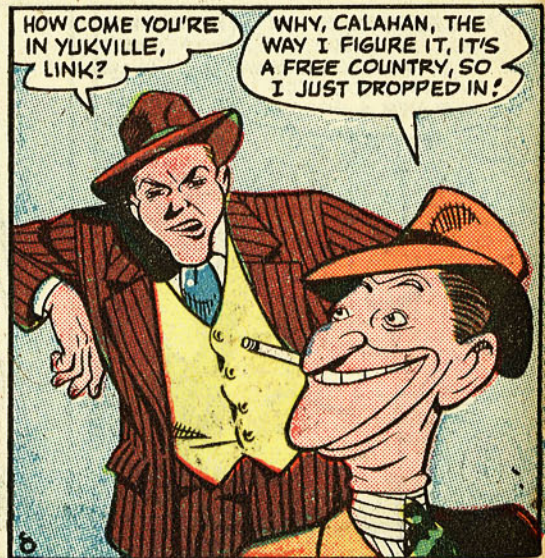
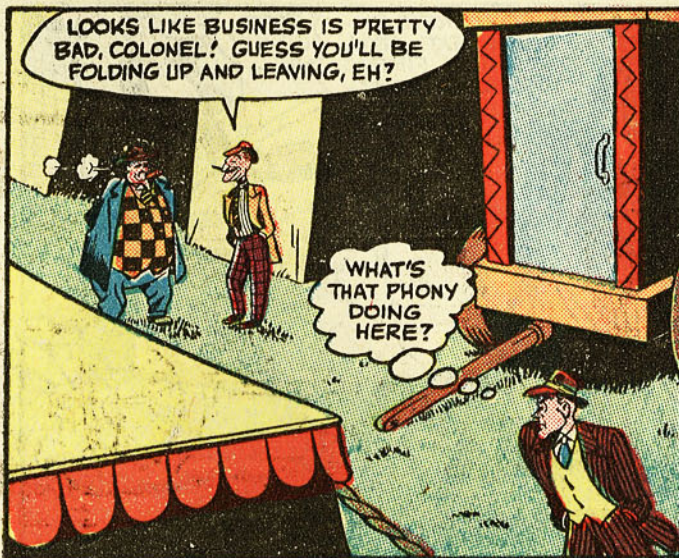
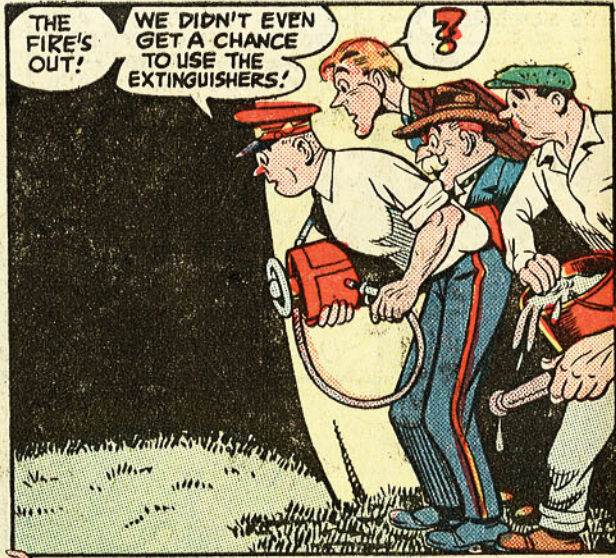
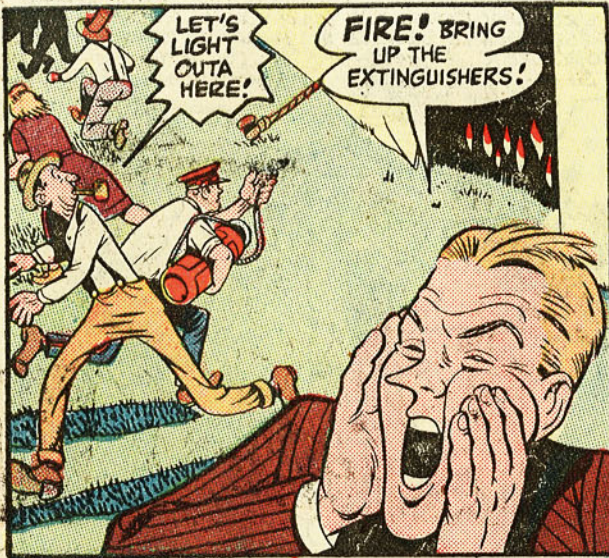
SORCERER SI'S NEVER WRONG, FAN! WE'RE A-GOIN' HOME!

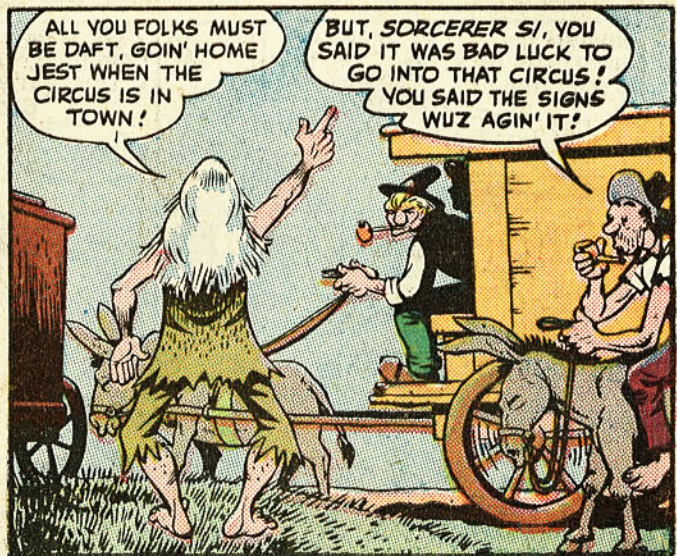
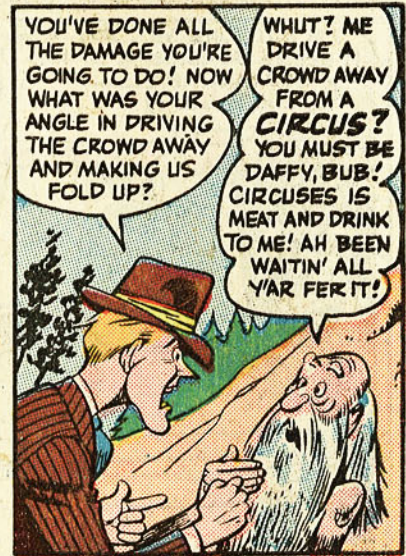
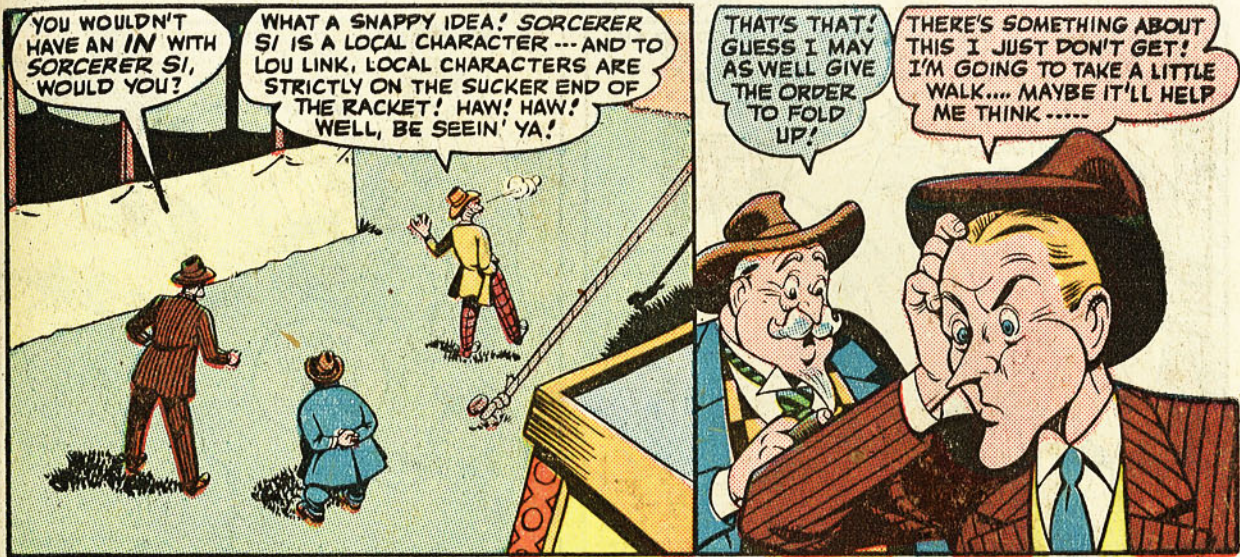


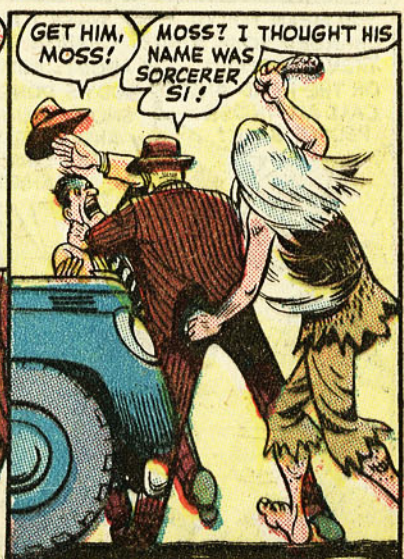
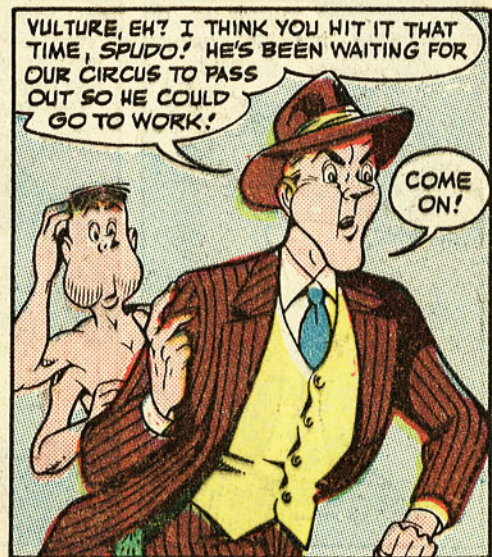
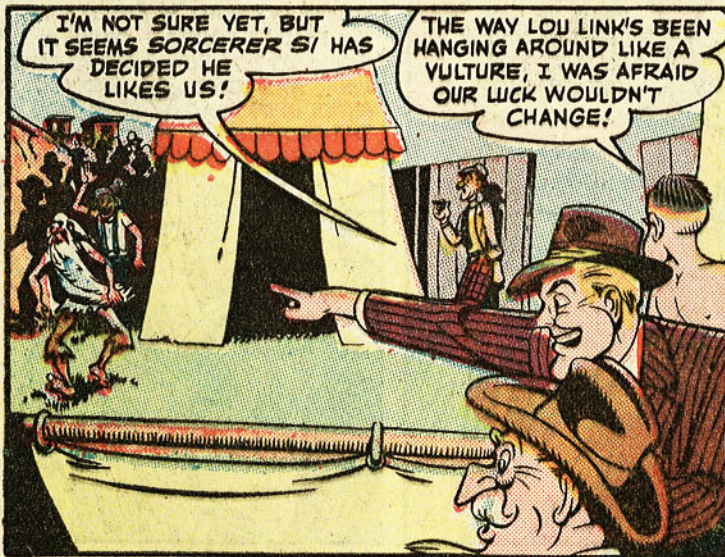
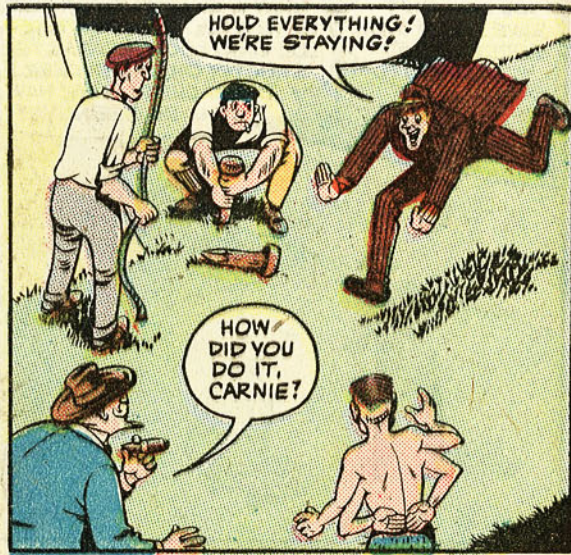
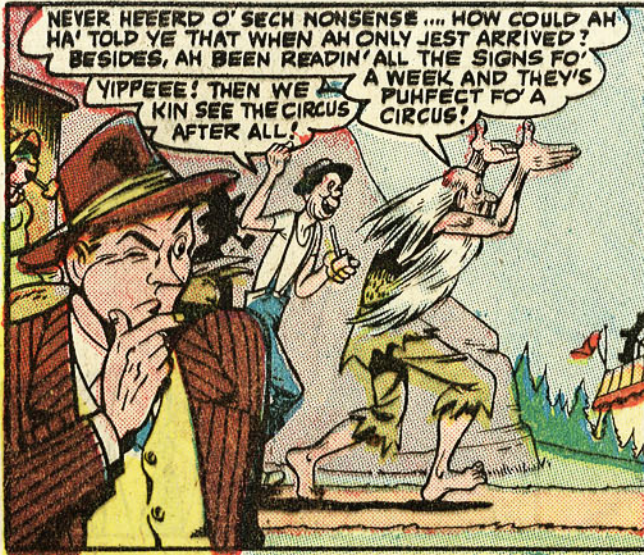
HEAR THAT FOLKS! NOW THERE'S A LAD WITH GOOD SENSE!

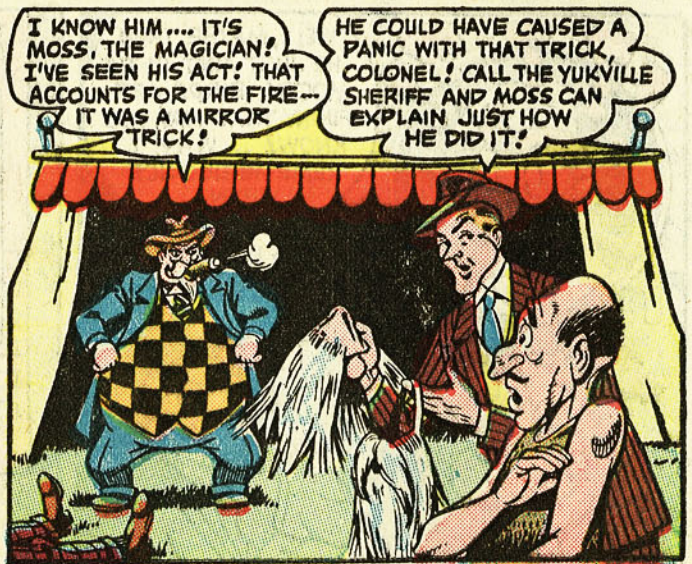
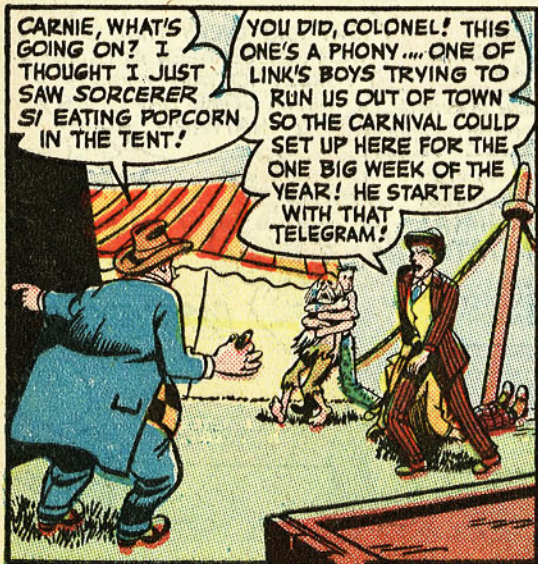
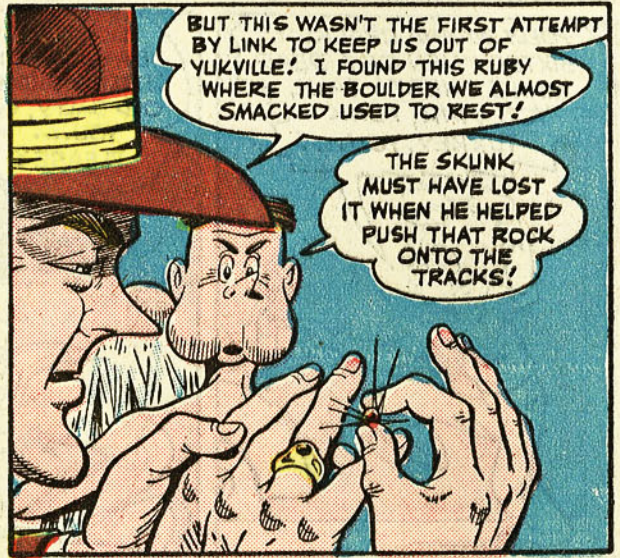
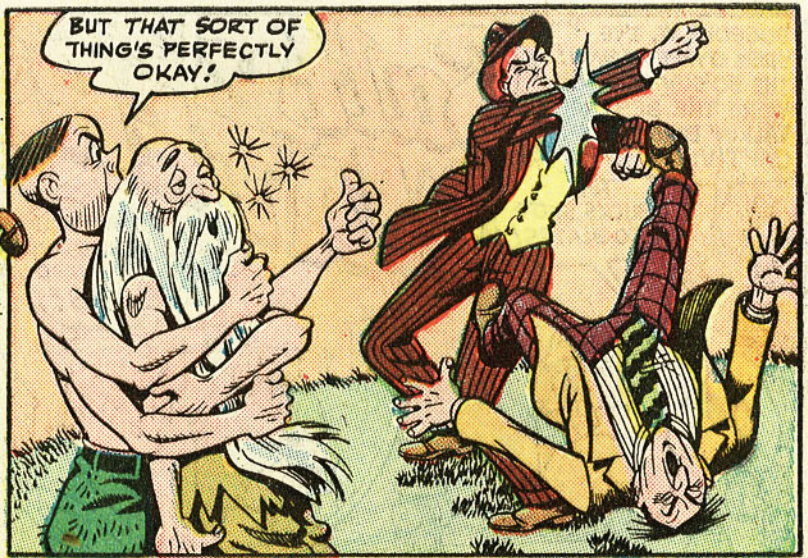


GOOD GRIEF!









DOGGONE IT, I'VE BEEN GYPED AGAIN! THE BO'SUN SAID YOU WERE THE BEST TALKIN' BIRD IN CAPTIVITY!

TEN BUCKS SHOT TO BLAZES!

Salty WATERS

I'VE OWNED YOU THREE HOURS AND YOU AIN'T SAID BEANS!

WHAT THE HECK GOOD IS A PARROT WHO WON'T TALK? GIVE WITH THE GAB, YOU GOLLY-BE-GAGGED, TONGUE-LESS TOUCAN, YOU!

POLLY WANNA CRACKER? SIXTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST! TALK, YOU PINK, PUNK TURKEY, YOU...!

PLEASE, PARROT! SAY JUST ONE LITTLE WORD FOR OLD SALTY, WON'T YOU... PLEASE?

MAYBE HE CAN'T TALK, BUD!

EH?

MAYBE HE JUST AIN'T THE TYPE BIRD WHAT'S ABLE TO TALK, Y'KNOW!

OH, THAT KIND CAN TALK, ALL RIGHT!

WELL, MAYBE THEN HE JUST AIN'T IN THE MOOD! BIRDS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY, YOU KNOW! ... WHY, I REMEMBER ONCE WHEN ...

NO! NO! NO!

STAGE ENTRANCE

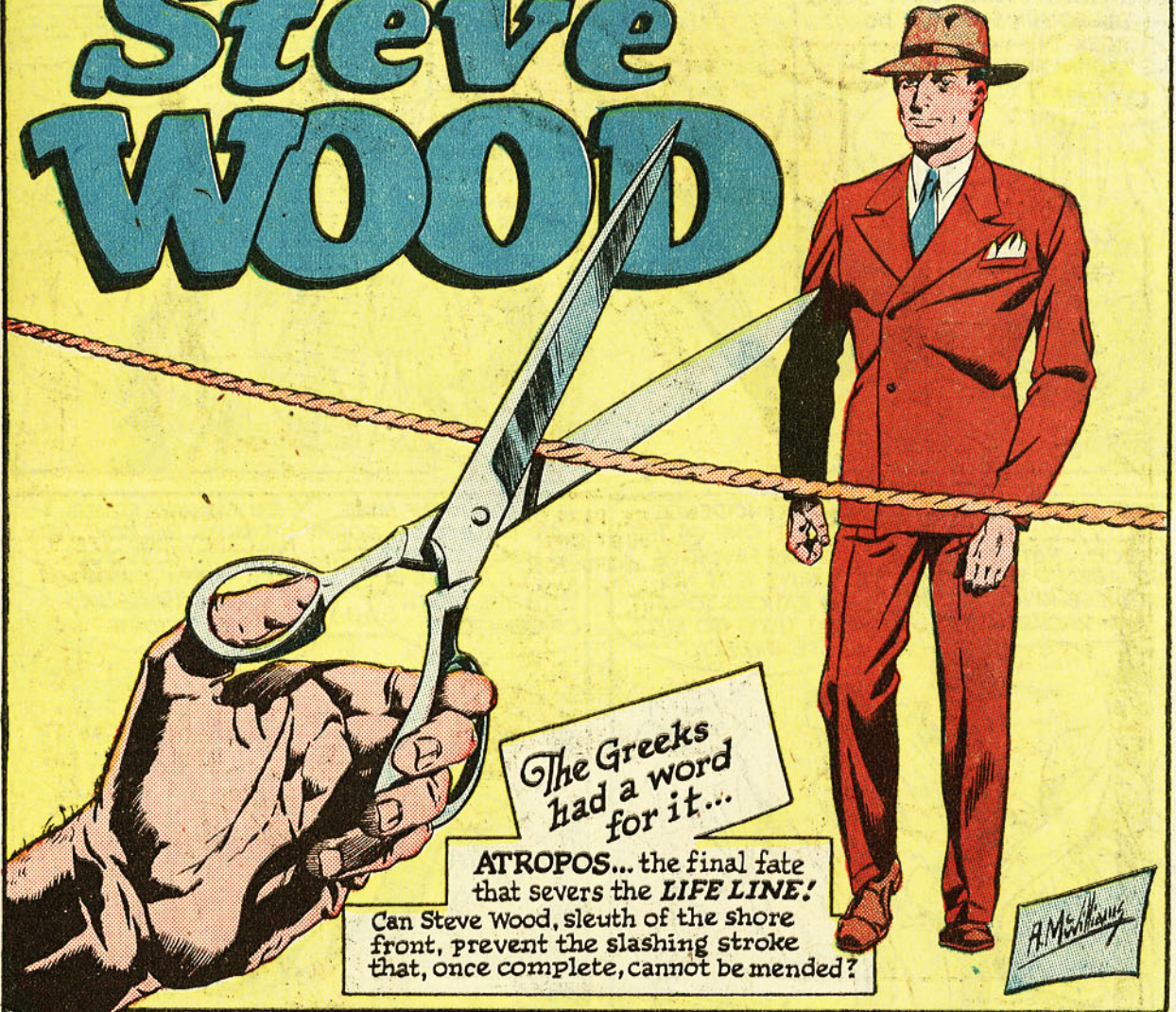
NOW PLAYING... **PIERRE DE POOCH** WORLD'S GREATEST ANIMAL IMITATOR! PRICES ORCHESTRA BALCONY

TSK! TSK! EVERY TIME I WALK OUT BETWEEN ACTS AN' FORGET TO TAKE OFF MY HEAD, SOME SAP GOES HAYWIRE!

IT CAN'T BE!

WOOSH

Steve Wood



It's not really polite, but let's look in on a certain brash hoodlum **JUST AFTER HE DIED....**

IT WAS HIM OR ME, PUNCHY!

KINDA AWKWARD, CEMITOS! THE BIG BOY GAVE HIM SPECIAL ORDERS TO KILL YOU --- AND HE EXPECTS TO GET HIS ORDERS CARRIED OUT!



BOTH THE COPS AND THE BIG BOY'S GUNS WILL BE OUT FOR YOU! IN FIVE MINUTES, MAYBE, EVERY ROAD OUT OF TOWN WILL BE WATCHED!

SO I DON'T TAKE A ROAD! MY OYSTER BOAT'S WAITING DOWN AT THE PIER! I'LL SAIL AWAY UNTIL IT BLOWS OVER!



Ah, Cemitos-- of all the ways out, you shouldn't have taken your own boat!

HERE HE COMES!



A shot in the still hours brings out the police -- also ...

STEVE WOOD! YOU'RE LIKE A BUZZARD-- COME LIKE A SHOT WHEN- EVER SOMEBODY DROPS DEAD!

IS THAT KIND, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN? AFTER ALL, YOU GOT HERE FIRST!



CEMITOS, EH? HE WASN'T REALLY A WATERFRONT CROOK -- BUT HE SQUABBLED WITH SOME OF THESE RIVER PIRATES AND RACKETEERS!

FUNNY COINCIDENCE -- OR IS IT? ONE OF THE BIG BOY'S FAVORITE GUN GUYS GOT HIS LEAD RATIONS TONIGHT, TOO! LET'S GO BUZZ THE BIG BOY!



IF A FRIEND OF MINE GOT KILLED, I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT! BUT HOW DOES IT TIE ME IN WITH THE DEATH OF CEMITOS?

YOU MAY HAVE OTHER FRIENDS, BIG BOY, VERY TRIGGER-CONSCIOUS, TOO! MAYBE CEMITOS GOT YOUR STOOGE AND ANOTHER STOOGE GOT HIM!



YOU KNOW MY ASSOCIATES, FLANAGAN! THEY'VE BEEN HERE ALL EVENING, PLAYING CARDS! WE ALL VOUCH FOR EACH OTHER!

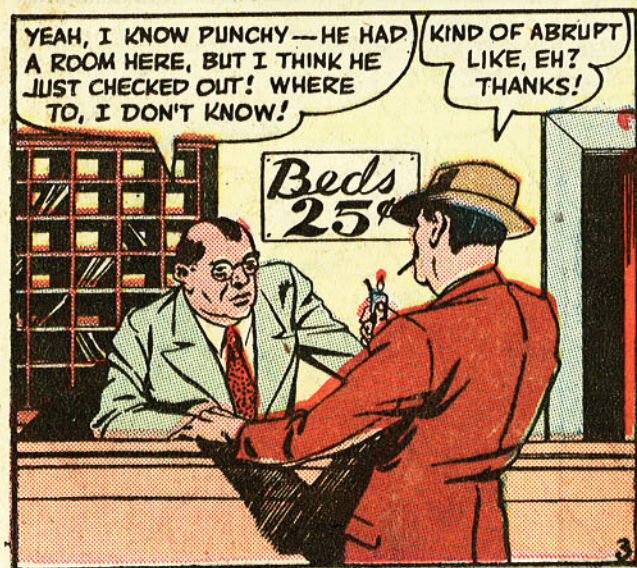
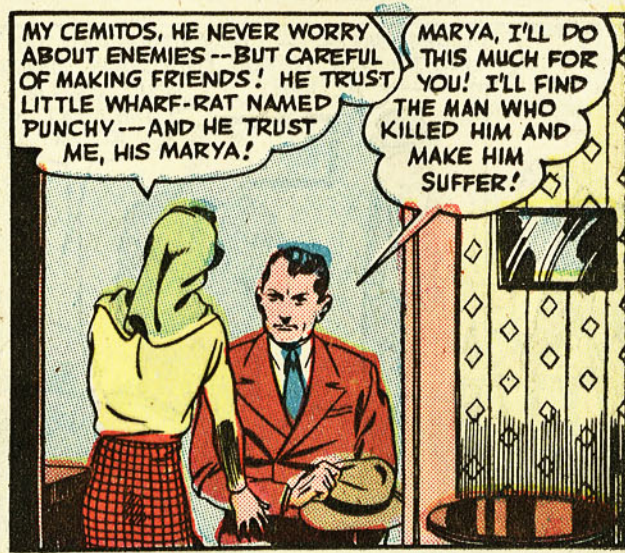
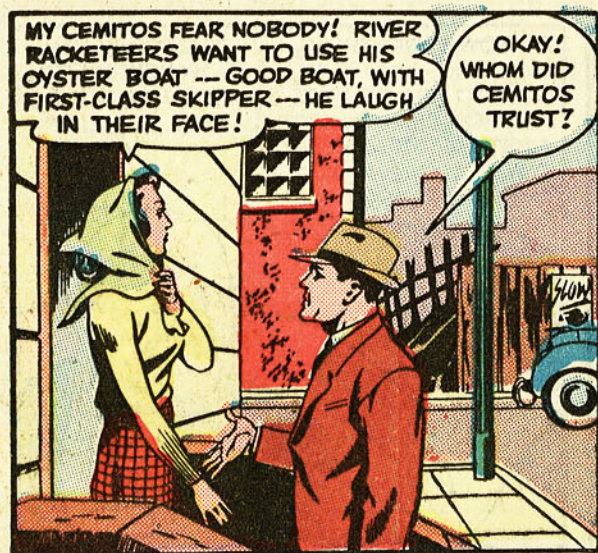
HMMM SO YOU SAY--- AND SO I CAN'T DISPROVE--NOT JUST YET!



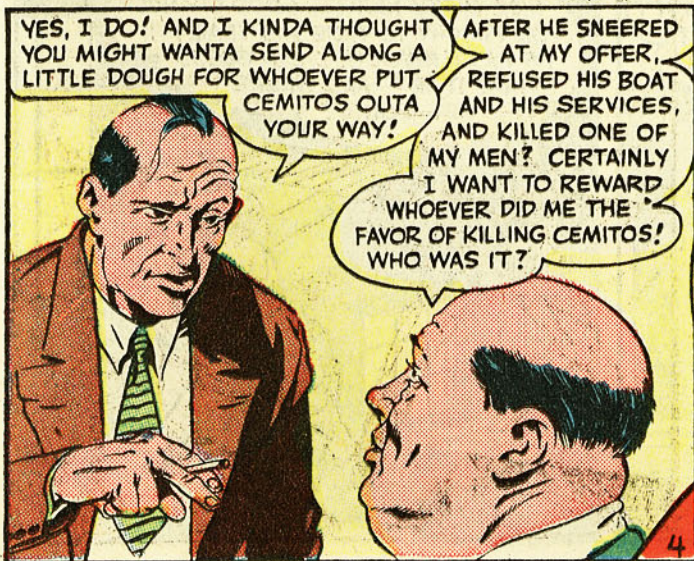
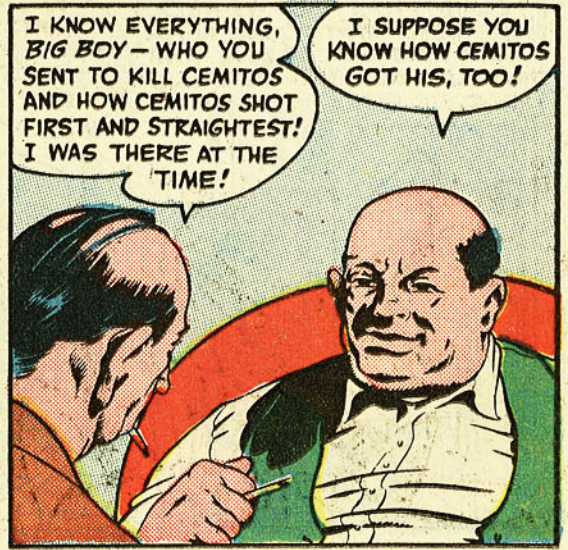
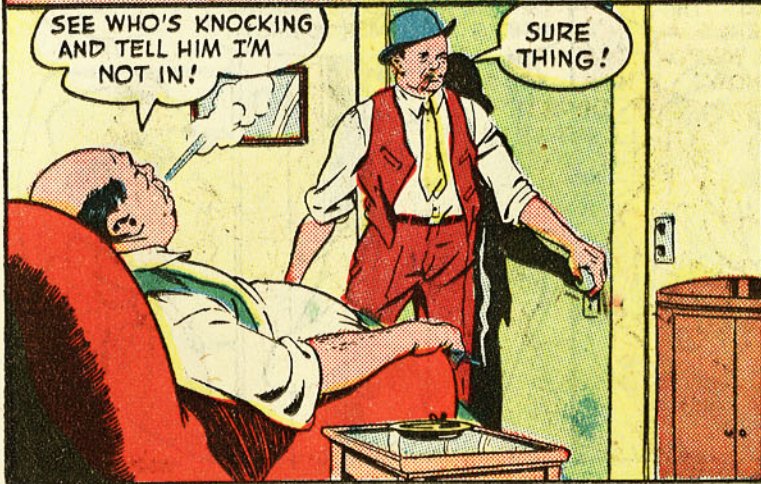
IF THE BIG BOY'S HOODS DIDN'T GET CEMITOS, IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE---

BRILLIANT, FLANAGAN! HOW DO YOU THINK OF THESE THINGS?

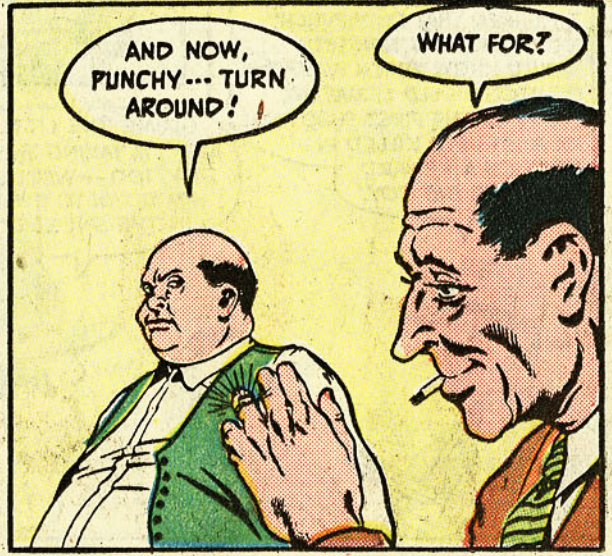
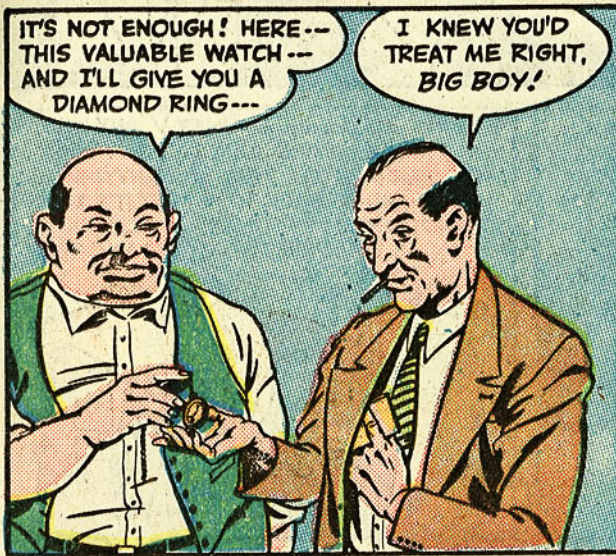




And so, while many search in the night, **ONE** figure in the tragic tale seems unconcerned....



NATIONAL COMICS





HOLD IT! THE SHOW'S OVER!
BREAK DOWN
THE DOOR,
INSPECTOR!

OWWW!



WHAT'S
UP?

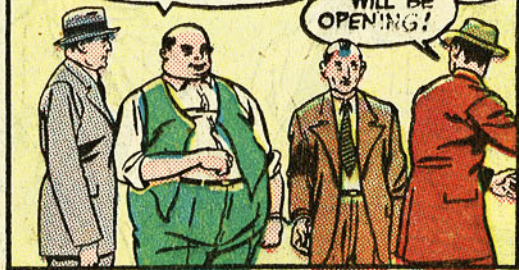
YOUR HANDS BETTER
BE, OR WE'LL GIMLET
YOU! SWELL WORK,
STEVE!

I FIGURED THAT ONLY PUNCHY---
WHOM CEMITOS TRUSTED--
WOULD KNOW WHICH WAY
CEMITOS WOULD LEAVE THE
SCENE OF THE FIRST SHOOTING!
HE MUST HAVE KILLED IN
HOPE OF A REWARD
FROM THE BIG BOY!

GIMME THE LITTLE RAT!
AND I'M TAKING THE BIG
BOY, TOO ---WE'LL SWEAT
HIM DOWN TO DWARF SIZE
IN THE SNEEZER!

I DON'T HOLD THIS AGAINST
YOU---AND I ADMIRE YOUR
WIT! PERHAPS I'LL BEAT
THE RAP AND BE BACK TO
ATTEND TO YOU PERSONALLY
AS YOU DESERVE---

ANYWAY,
ANY TIME,
ANYWHERE!
BUT IT'S ALMOST
MORNING,
AND MY OFFICE
WILL BE
OPENING!

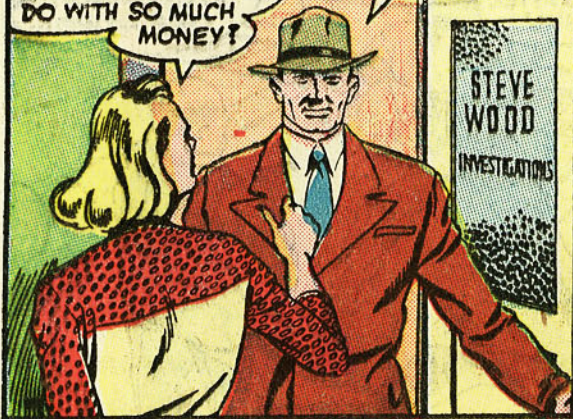


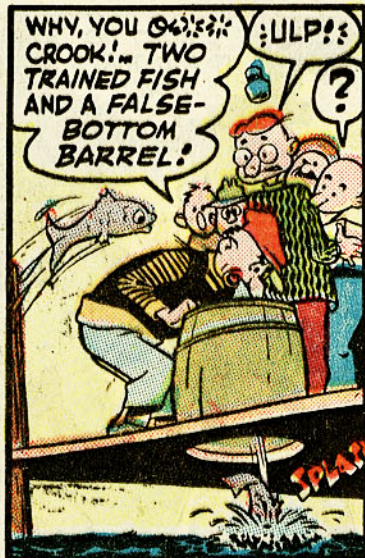
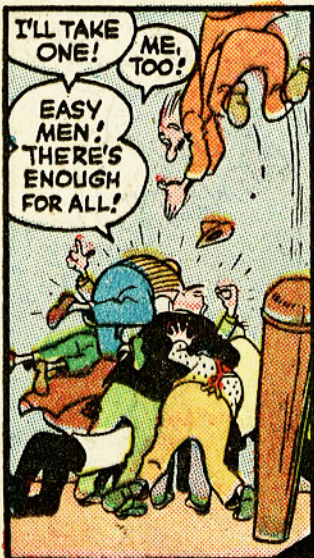
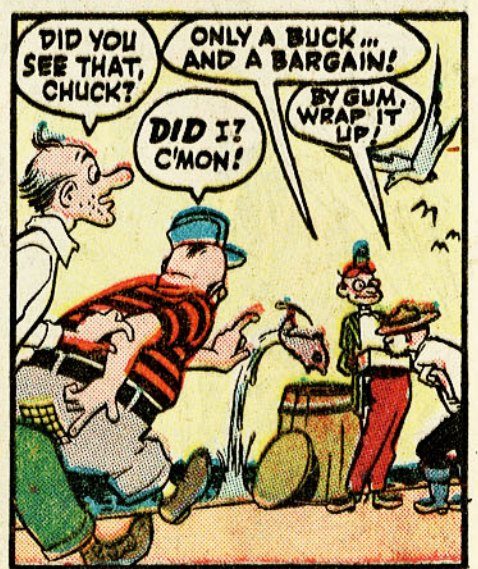
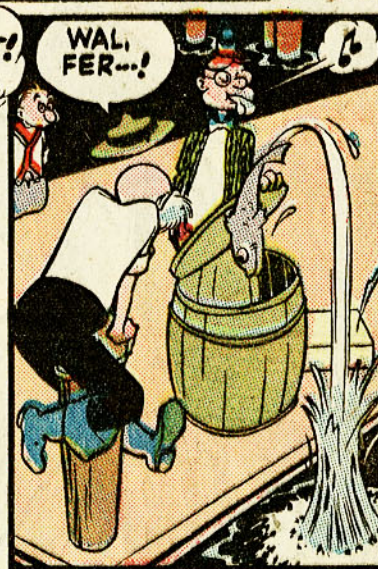
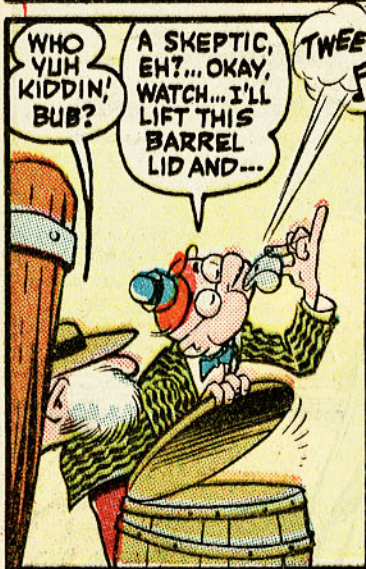
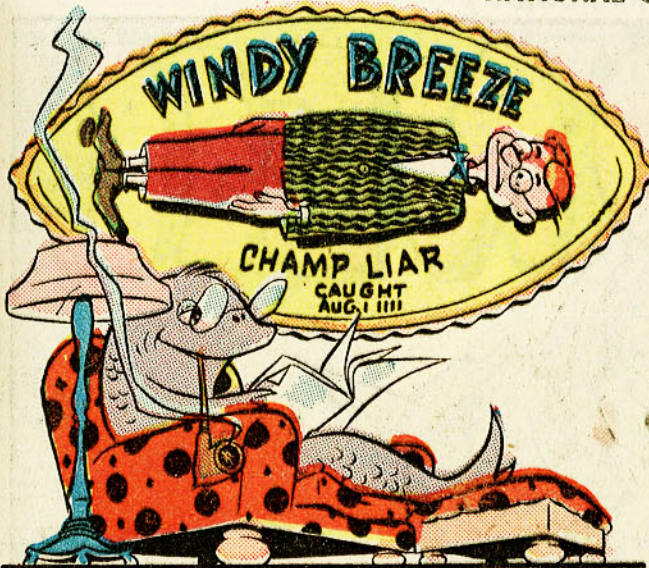
STEVE, THEY TELL ME
YOU'VE WON A REWARD
FOR GETTING THE
GOODS ON THE BIG
BOY! WHAT WILL YOU
DO WITH SO MUCH
MONEY?

GIVE IT TO MARYA---
CEMITOS WAS ALL
SHE HAD, AND SHE'LL
NEED A STAKE!

OH, STEVE, YOU'RE
ONE OF THE
KINDEST---

HEY, SALLY! NOT
DURING WORKING
HOURS!





Sally O'NEIL

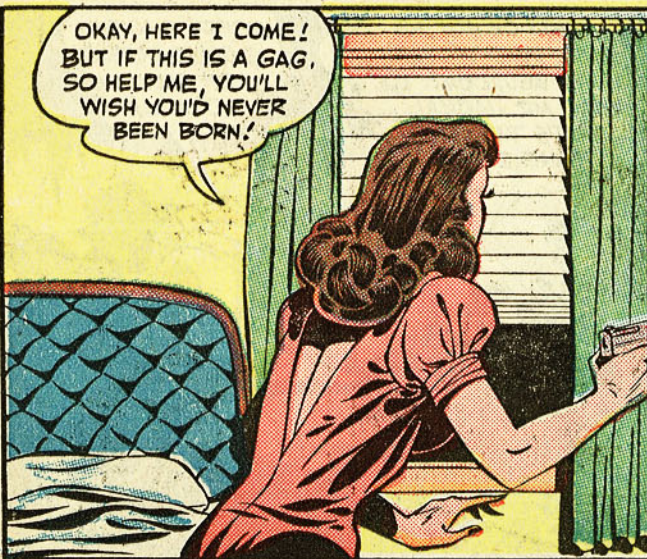
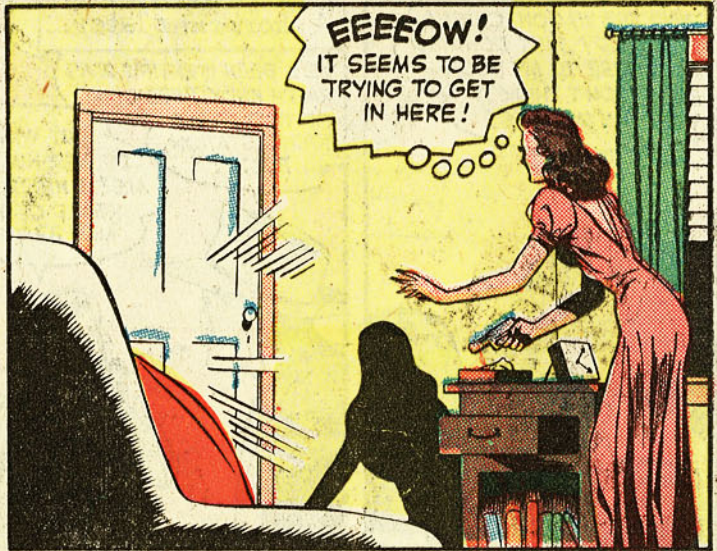


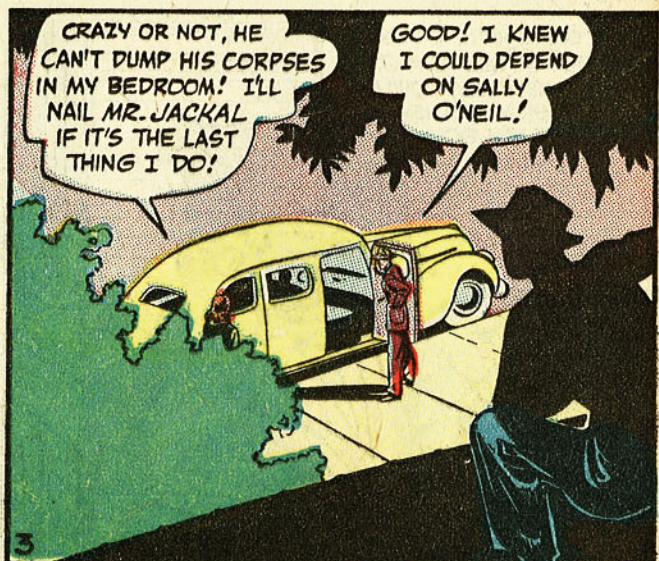
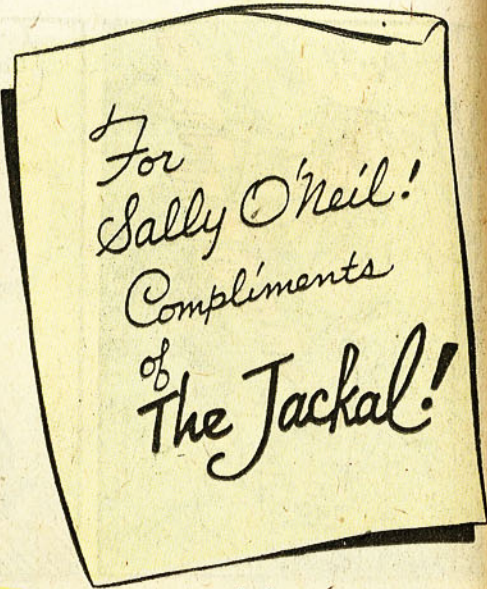
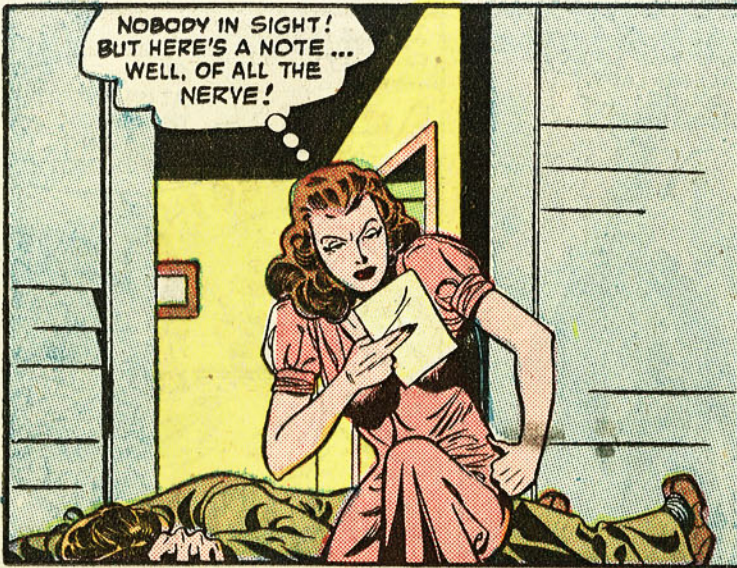
Compliments of The Jackal!

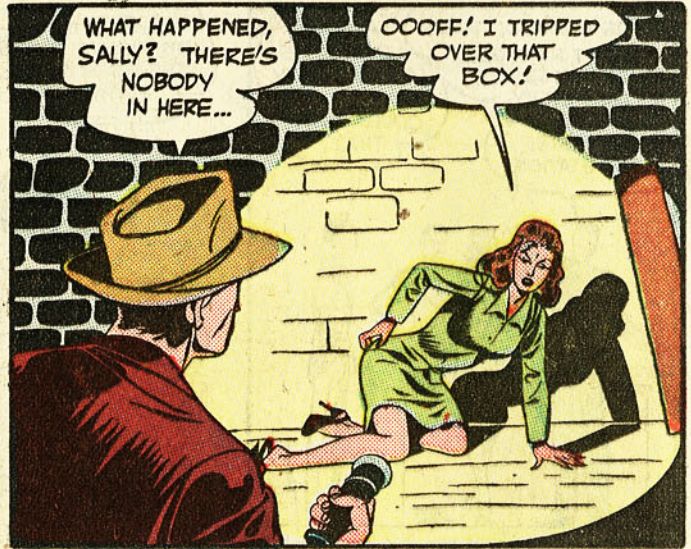
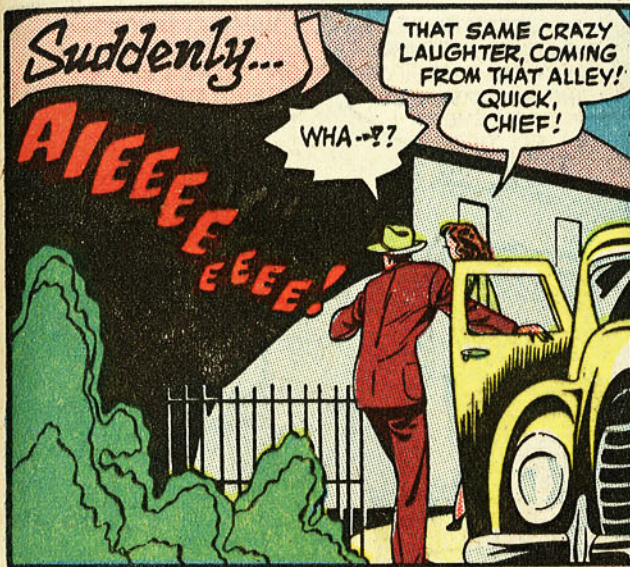
-- So read a note
pinned to a corpse
which was dumped
on the doorstep of
Policewoman
Sally O'Neil!

In the
small
hours
of a
moonless
night...



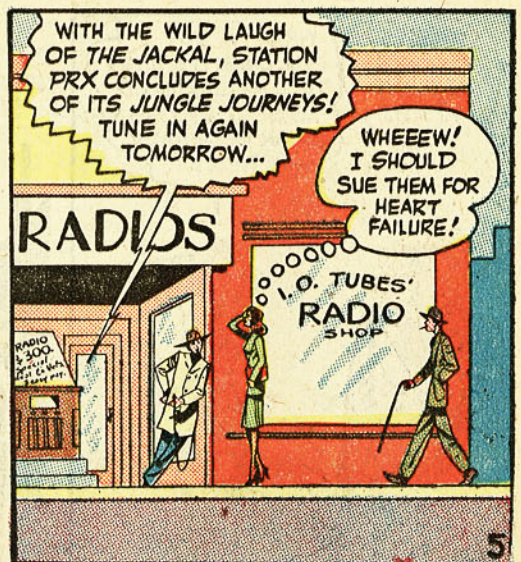
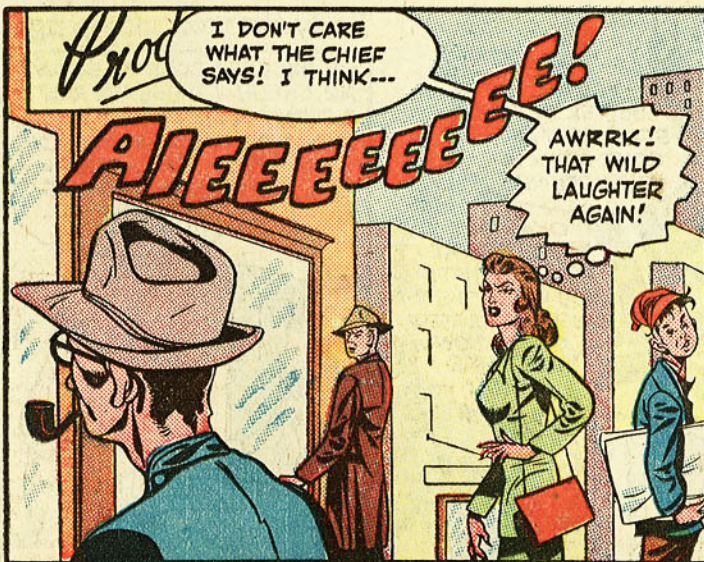
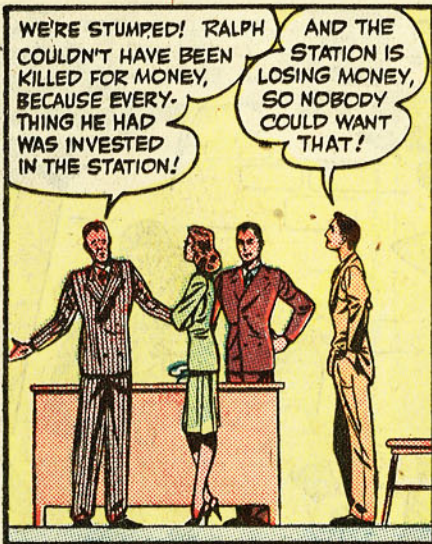
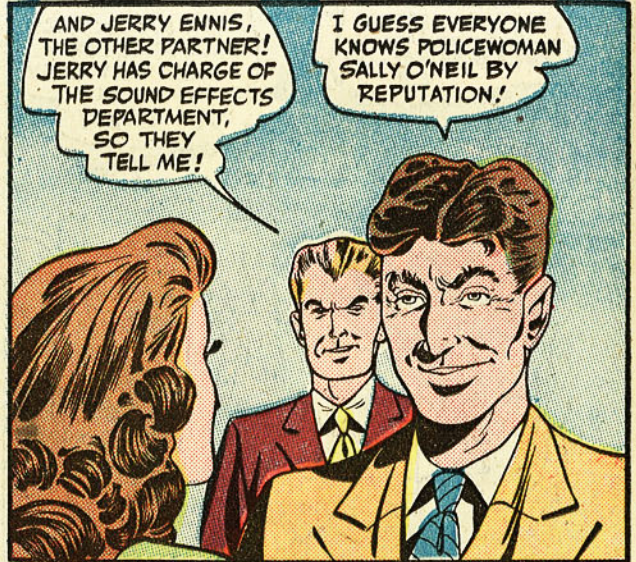
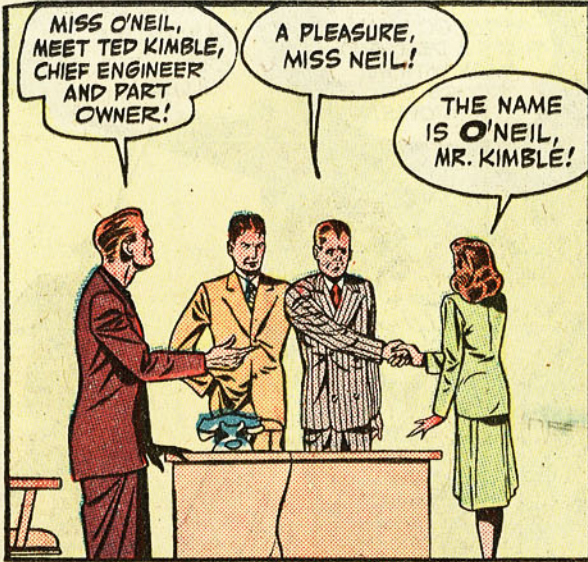


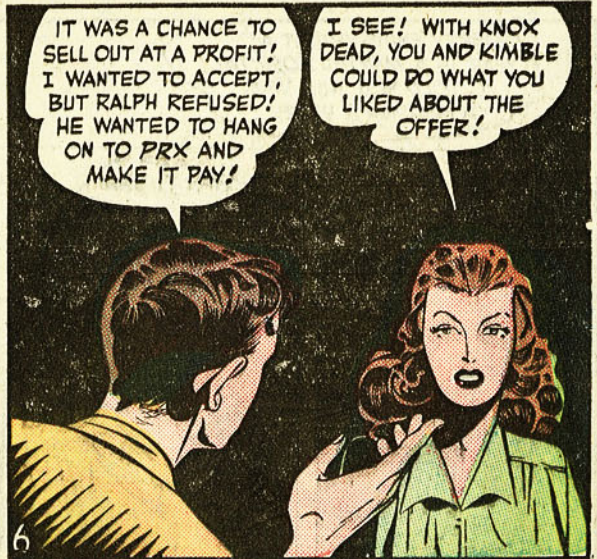
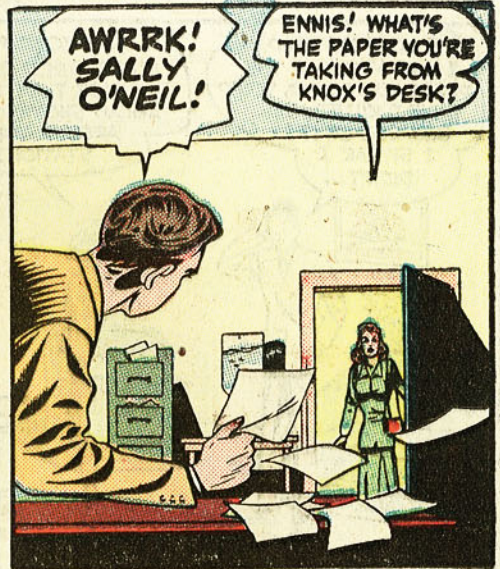


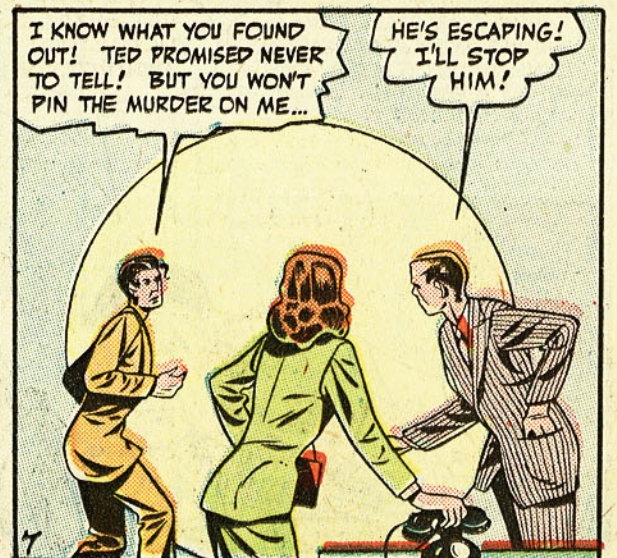
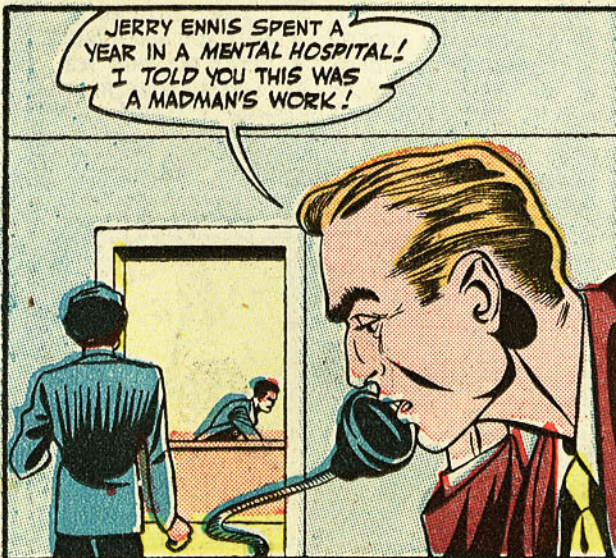
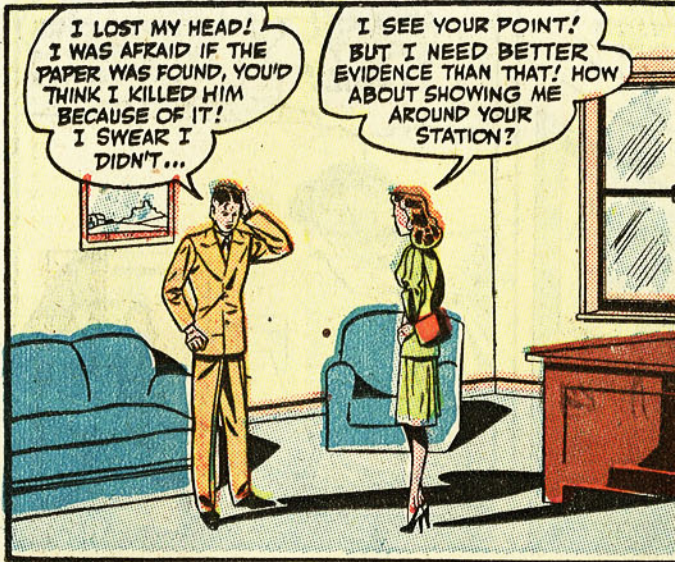


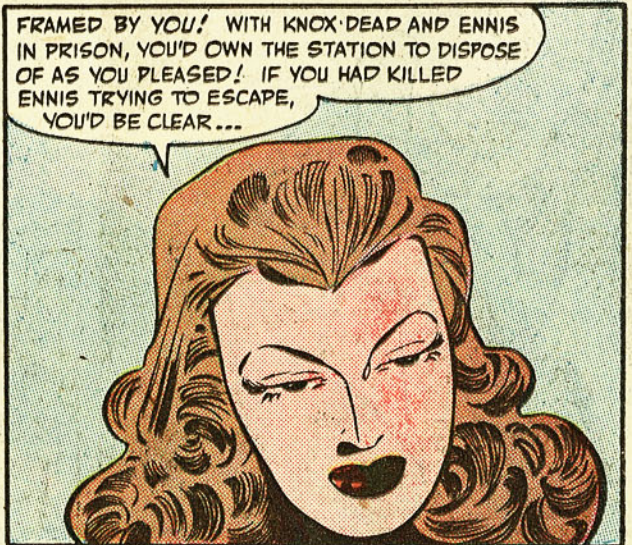
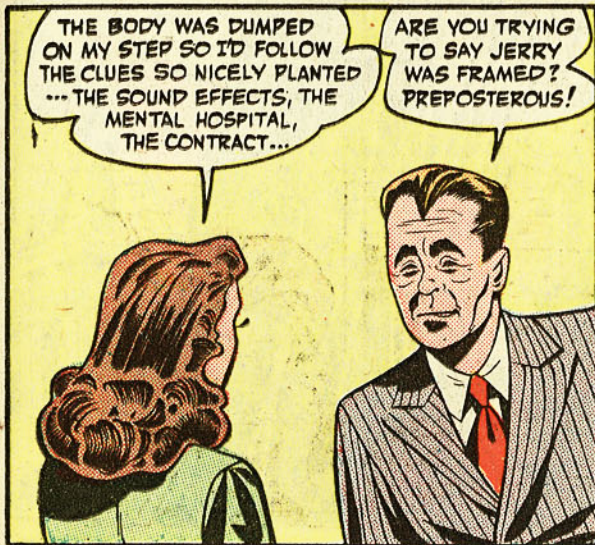
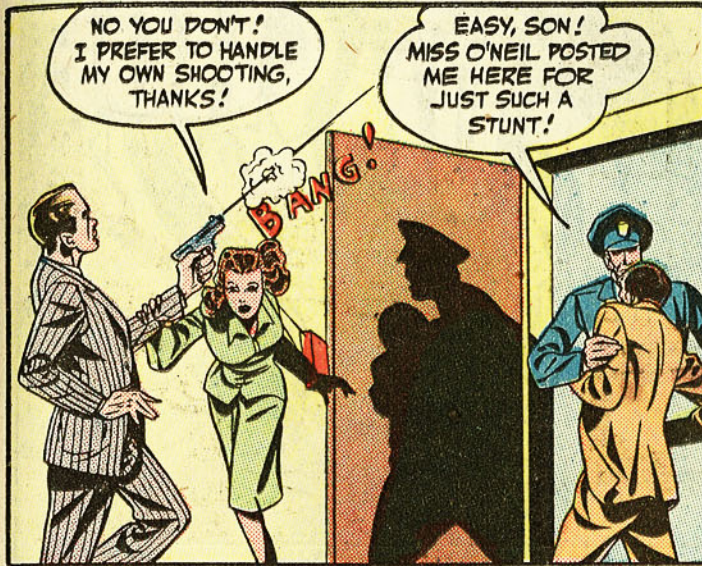
Early the next morning...





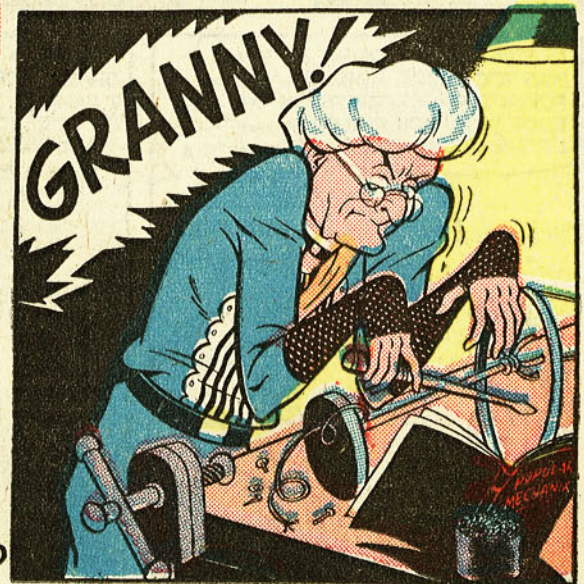




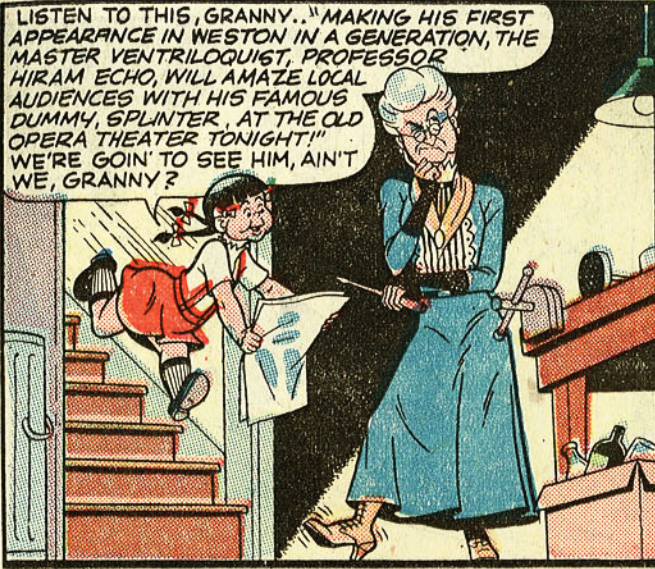




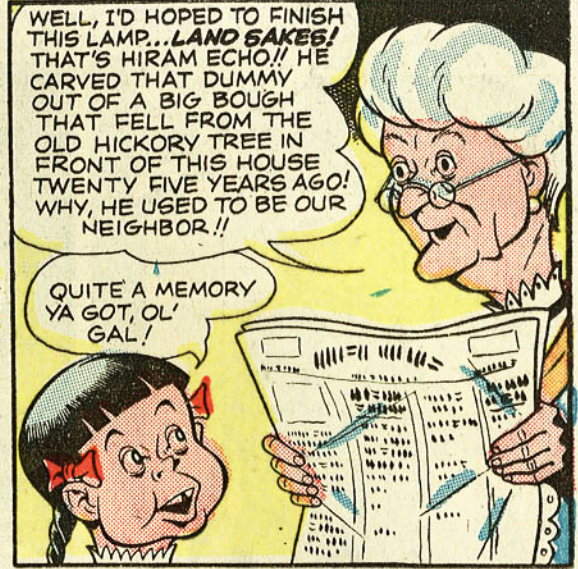
SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS OF WESTON LIVES A LOVABLE, OLD LADY! NO ONE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT THIS QUAIN'T PERSON HAD A SECRET PASSION FOR CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION AND INVENTION.. THESE HOBBIES CAME IN HANDY WHEN GRANNY GUMSHOE GOT INVOLVED IN A STRANGE ADVENTURE! IT ALL STARTED WHEN HER GRANDDAUGHTER, LIPPY LU, CALLED



NATIONAL COMICS

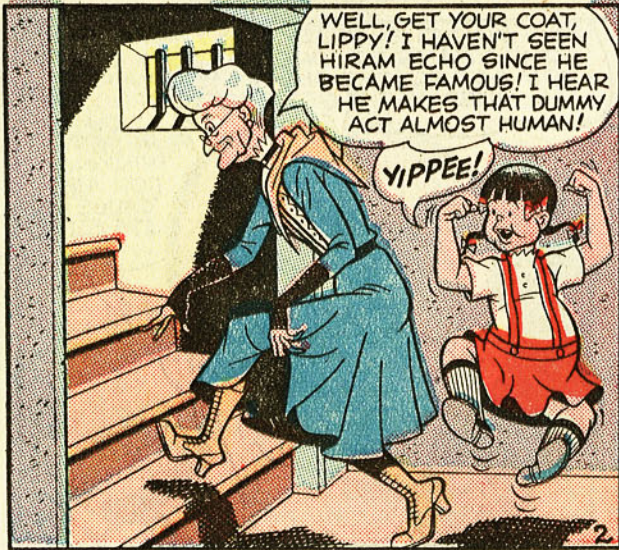


LISTEN TO THIS, GRANNY... MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN WESTON IN A GENERATION, THE MASTER VENTRILOQUIST, PROFESSOR HIRAM ECHO, WILL AMAZE LOCAL AUDIENCES WITH HIS FAMOUS DUMMY, SPLINTER, AT THE OLD OPERA THEATER TONIGHT! WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE HIM, AIN'T WE, GRANNY?



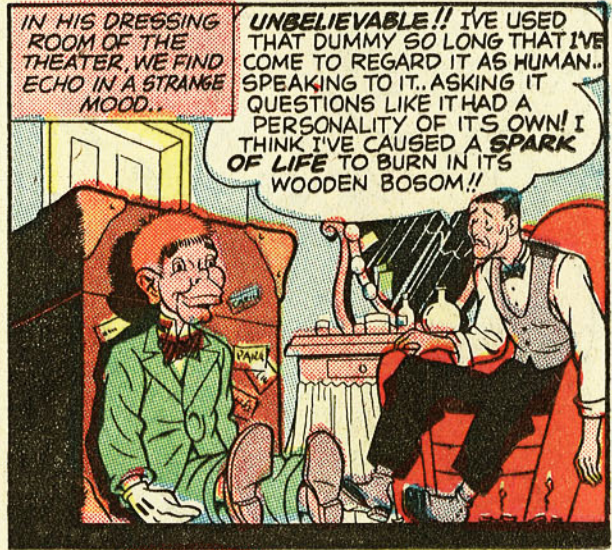
WELL, I'D HOPED TO FINISH THIS LAMP... LAND SAKES! THAT'S HIRAM ECHO!! HE CARVED THAT DUMMY OUT OF A BIG BOUGH THAT FELL FROM THE OLD HICKORY TREE IN FRONT OF THIS HOUSE TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO! WHY, HE USED TO BE OUR NEIGHBOR!!

QUITE A MEMORY YA GOT, OL' GAL!



WELL, GET YOUR COAT, LIPPY! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIRAM ECHO SINCE HE BECAME FAMOUS! I HEAR HE MAKES THAT DUMMY ACT ALMOST HUMAN!

YIPPEE!



IN HIS DRESSING ROOM OF THE THEATER, WE FIND ECHO IN A STRANGE MOOD..

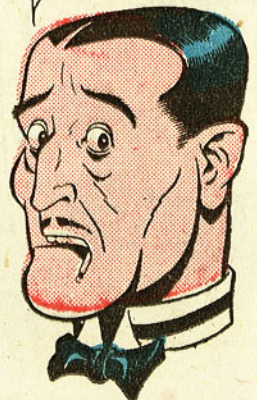
UNBELIEVABLE!! I'VE USED THAT DUMMY SO LONG THAT I'VE COME TO REGARD IT AS HUMAN... SPEAKING TO IT, ASKING IT QUESTIONS LIKE IT HAD A PERSONALITY OF ITS OWN! I THINK I'VE CAUSED A SPARK OF LIFE TO BURN IN ITS WOODEN BOSOM!!

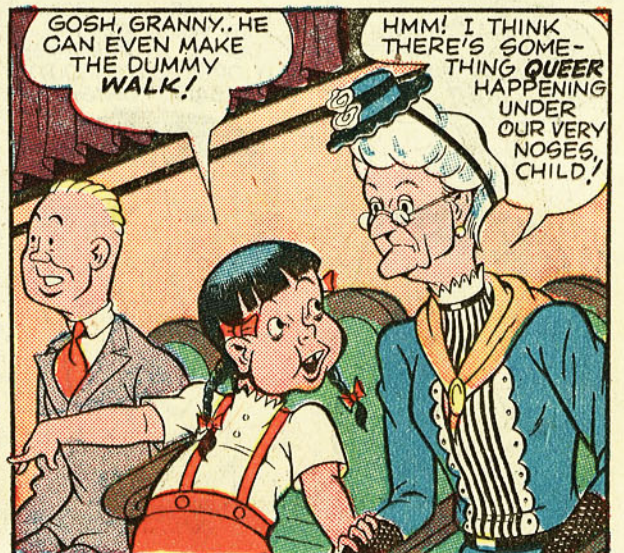
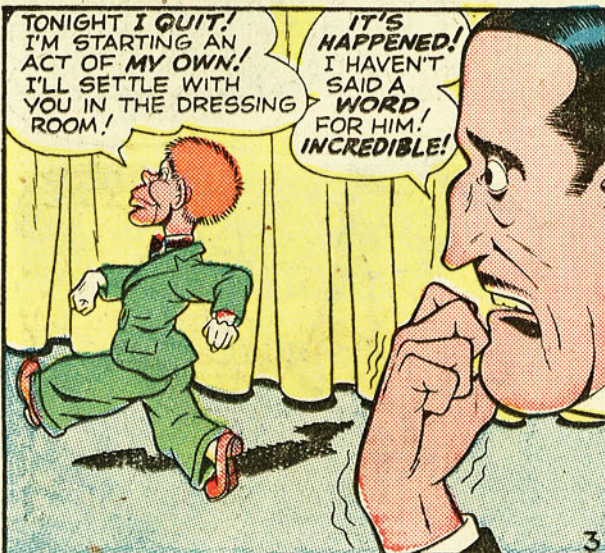
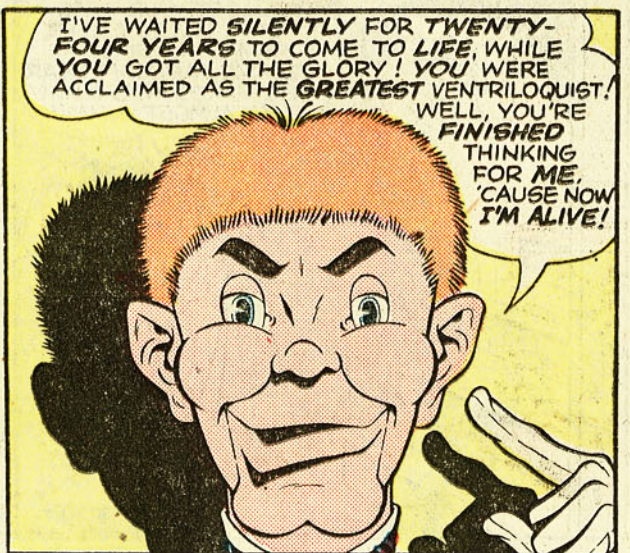
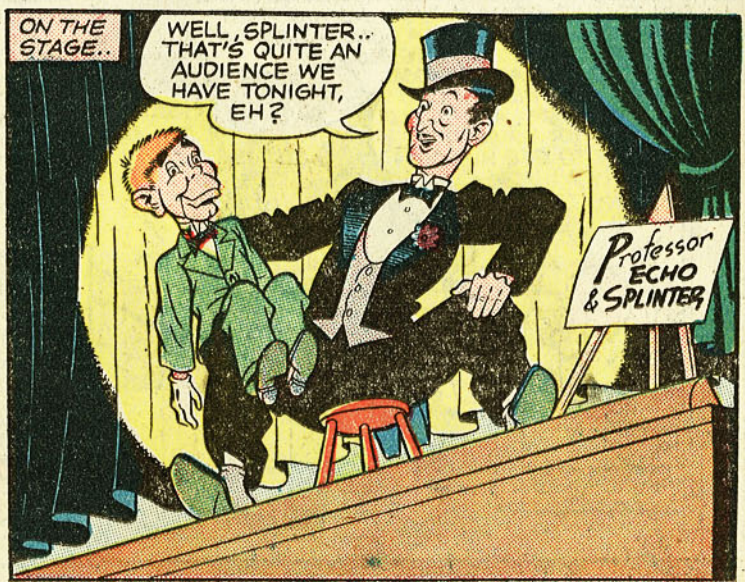
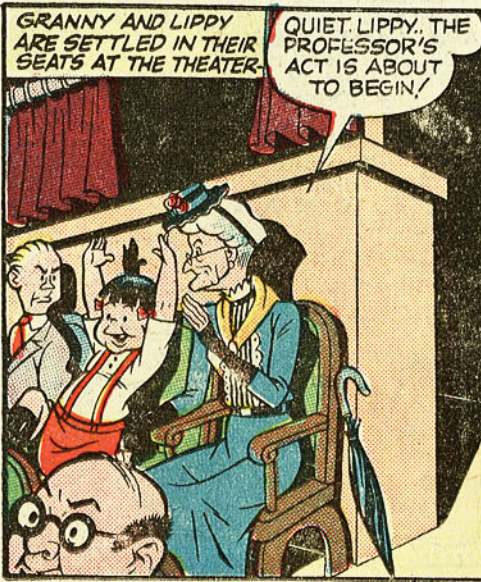
THIS AFTERNOON, DURING MY FIRST SHOW, IT SPOKE TO ME!!

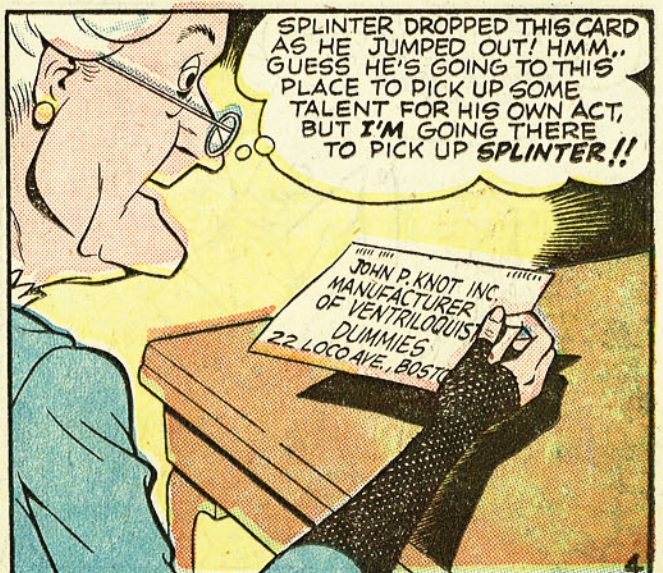
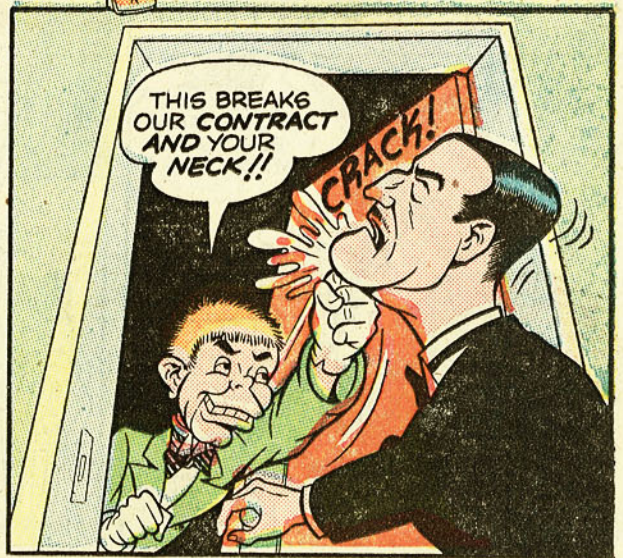
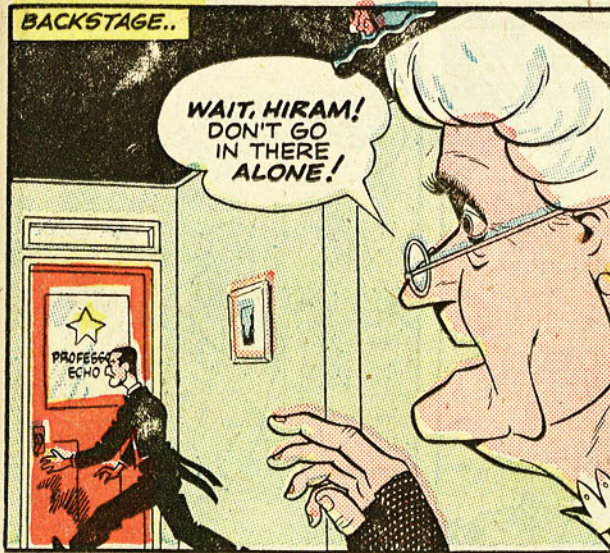
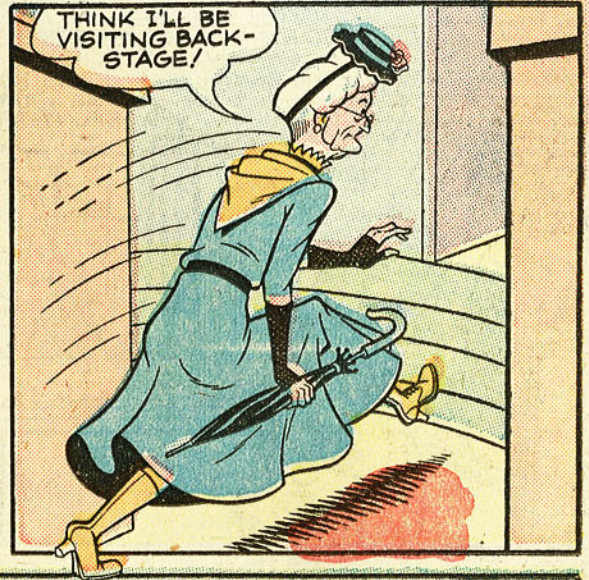
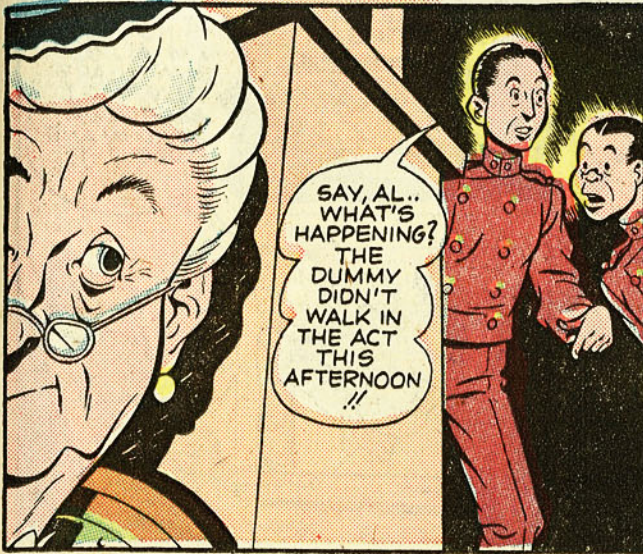
I HADN'T THROWN MY VOICE FOR THE DUMMY AT ALL WHEN IT OPENED ITS MOUTH AND SAID, "TONIGHT REVENGE!"

NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME, SO I'VE GOT TO GO ON WITH MY ACT TONIGHT!

I HAVE A PREMONITION THAT SOMETHING AGAINST THE LAWS OF NATURE WILL HAPPEN... THE DUMMY WILL COME TO LIFE!!



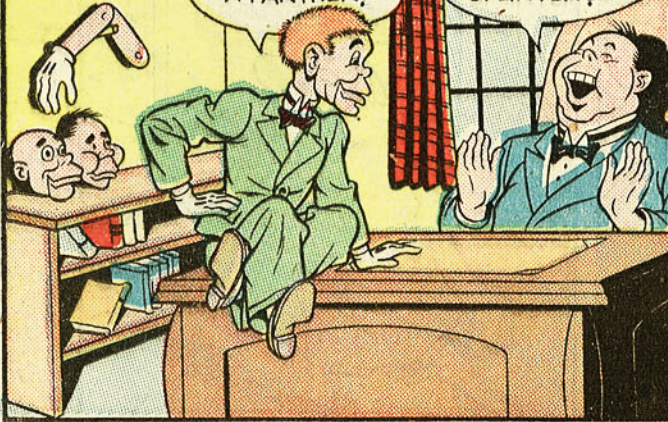




IN THE OFFICE
OF JOHN KNOT,
THE DUMMY
MANUFACTURER.

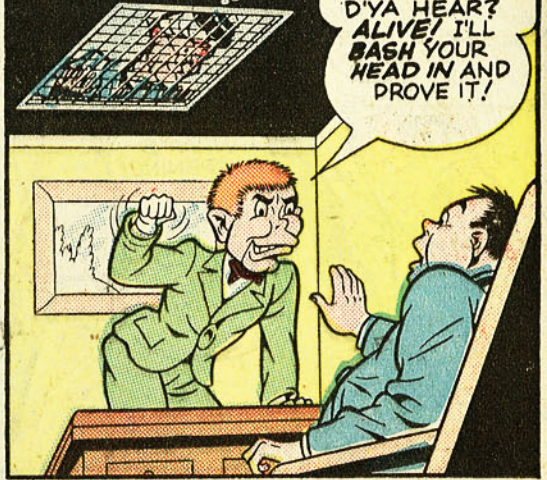
MY NAME'S SPLINTER!
I'M STARTING AN ACT
OF MY OWN AND I
NEED A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL DUMMY AS
A PARTNER!

HAW, HAW! GOOD
OL' PROFESSOR
ECHO AND HIS
JOKES. HOW'S HE
MAKE YOU WALK,
SPLINTER?



LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!

JOKES? THIS
IS NO JOKES!
I'M ALIVE!
D'YA HEAR?
ALIVE! I'LL
BASH YOUR
HEAD IN AND
PROVE IT!



IN THE WORKSHOP
ABOVE THE OFFICE

I INVENT
THE
QUEEREST
THINGS,
LIKE THIS
SPRAY GUN
BUILT INTO
MY UMBRELLA

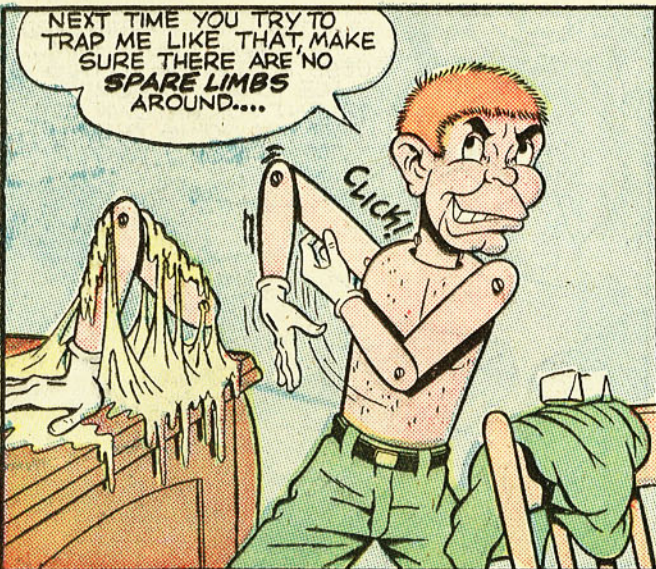


MY GRACIOUS, SPLINTER..
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE **STUCK**
FOR THIS ROUND!

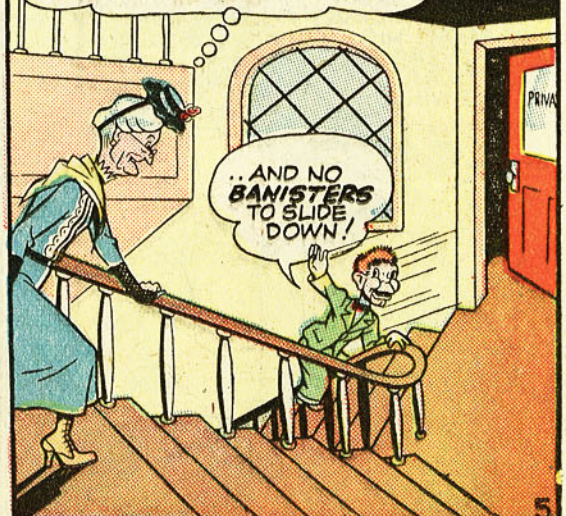
NOT QUITE, MY
DECREPIT FRIEND,
NOT QUITE!



NEXT TIME YOU TRY TO
TRAP ME LIKE THAT, MAKE
SURE THERE ARE NO
SPARE LIMBS
AROUND...



LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO USE STRATEGY
TO NAIL THIS **SPLINTER!**



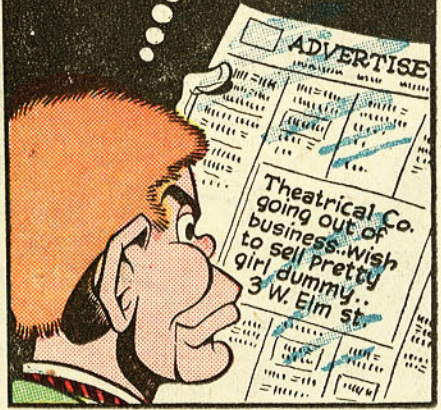
NEXT DAY,
GRANNY'S
PLAN TO
CAPTURE
SPLINTER
IS WELL
UNDER
WAY..

GRANNY.. HERE'S THOSE INSECTS YOU
TOLD ME TO GET FROM THE BEAMS OF
THAT DESERTED OLD HOUSE ON THE
CORNER!
GOOD! MY FAKE AD WILL
BE IN TODAY'S NEWSPAPERS! NOW ALL
WE DO IS WAIT UNTIL
SPLINTER TAKES THE
BAIT!

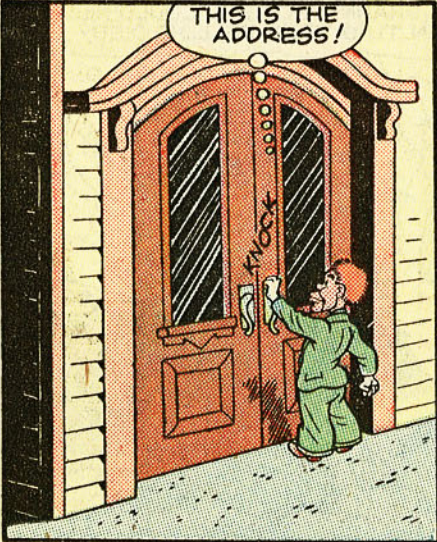


IN ANOTHER
PART OF
TOWN..

AH! EXACTLY
WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR..
A GIRL DUMMY
FOR SALE!



THIS IS THE
ADDRESS!



GULP! YOU AGAIN! WHAT
IS THIS.. A TRICK?
WHERE'S THE GIRL
DUMMY?

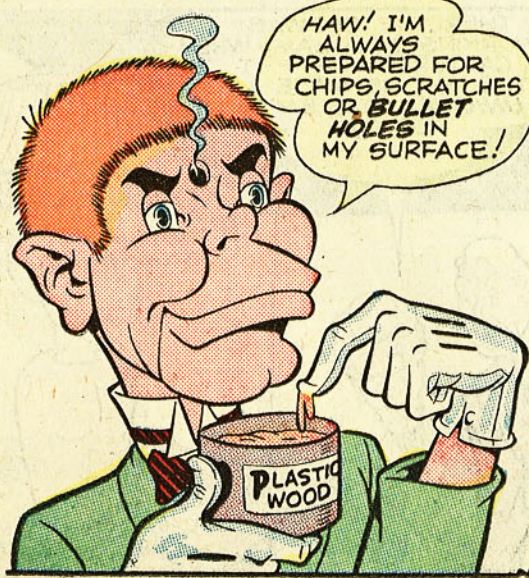


SORRY,
SHORTY.. BUT
THERE ISN'T
ANY!!

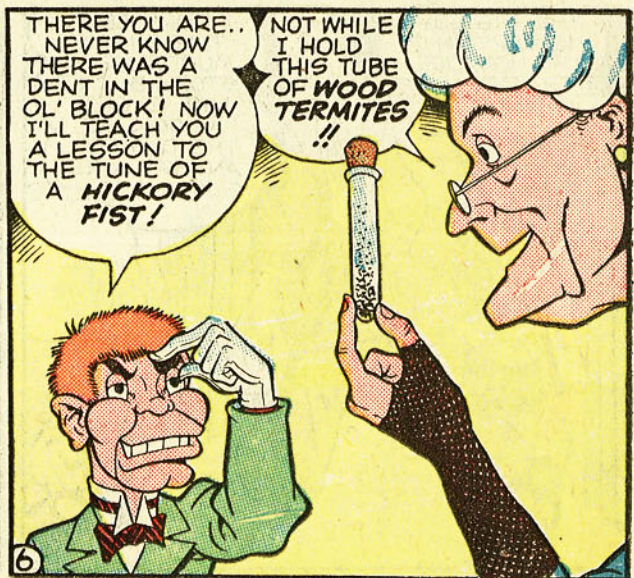
WHAT?
WHY YOU
OLD BAG,
I'LL..



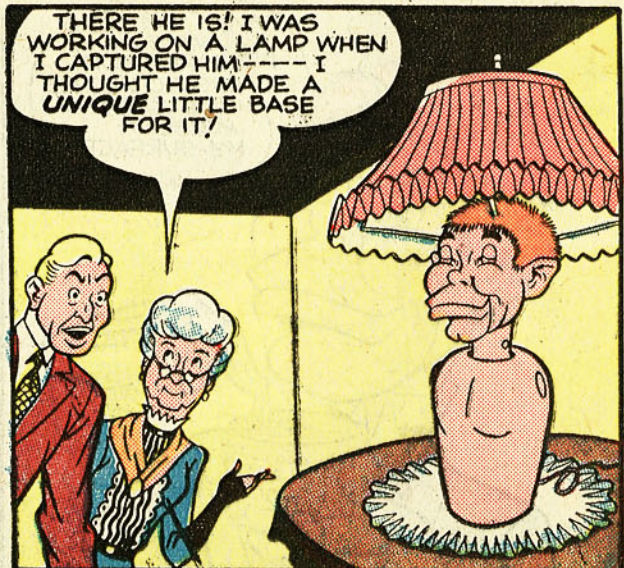
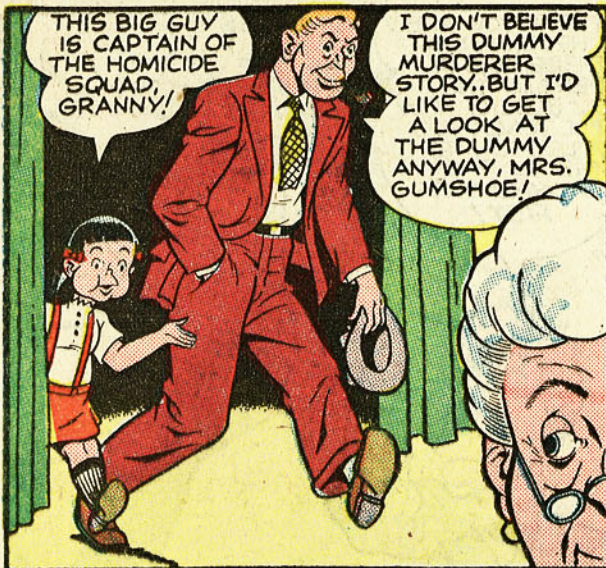
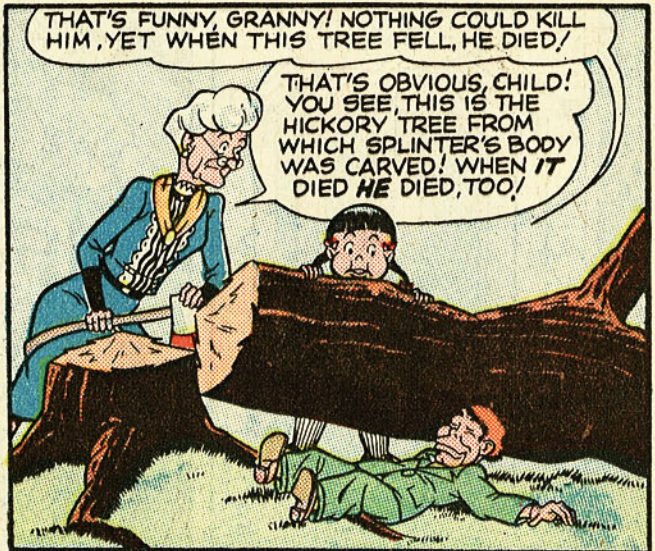
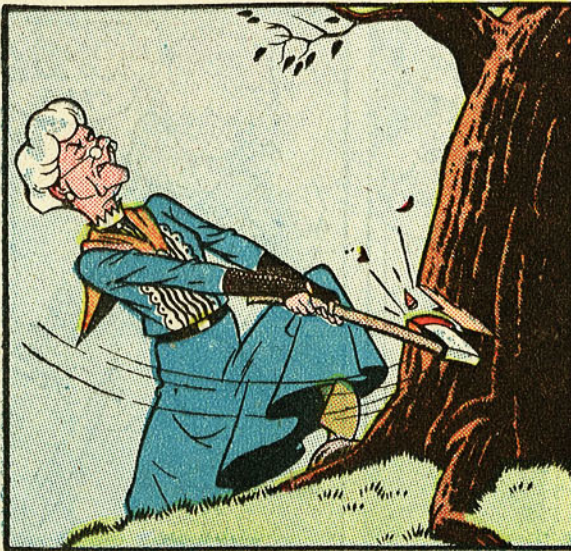
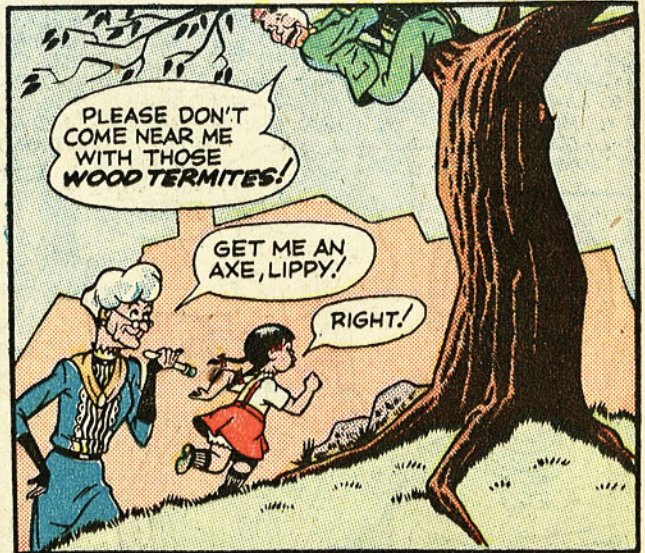
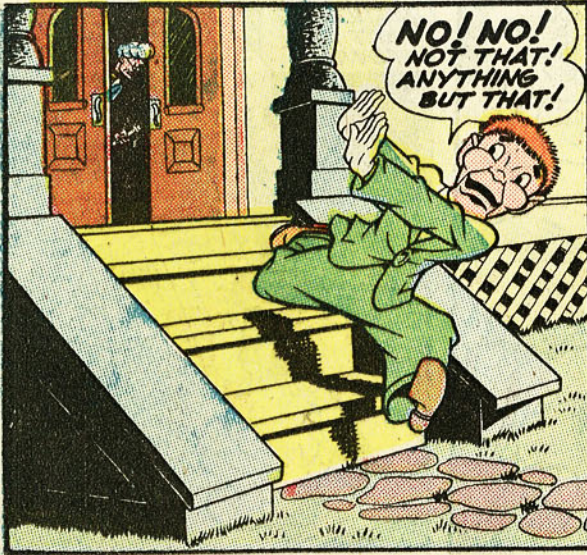
HAW! I'M
ALWAYS
PREPARED FOR
CHIPS, SCRATCHES
OR BULLET
HOLES IN
MY SURFACE!



THERE YOU ARE..
NEVER KNOW
THERE WAS A
DENT IN THE
OL' BLOCK! NOW
I'LL TEACH YOU
A LESSON TO
THE TUNE OF
A HICKORY
FIST!

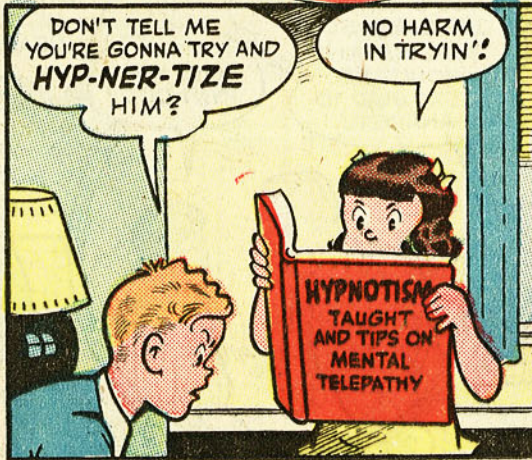
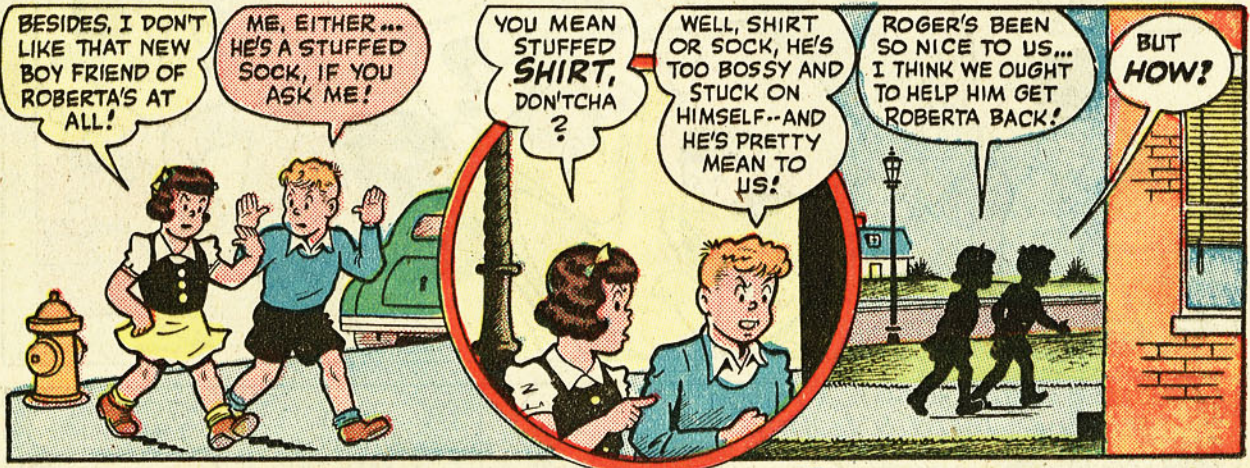
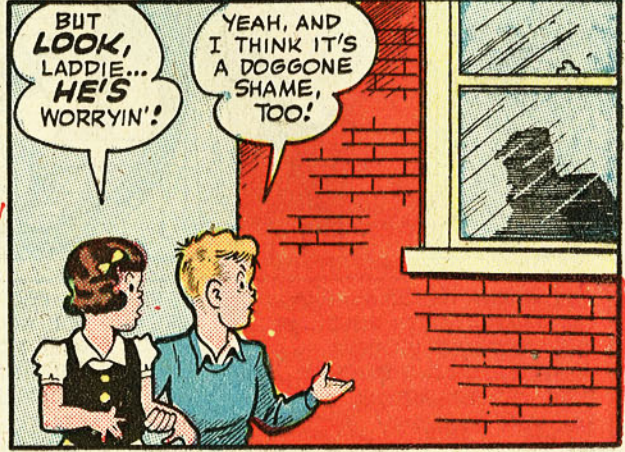
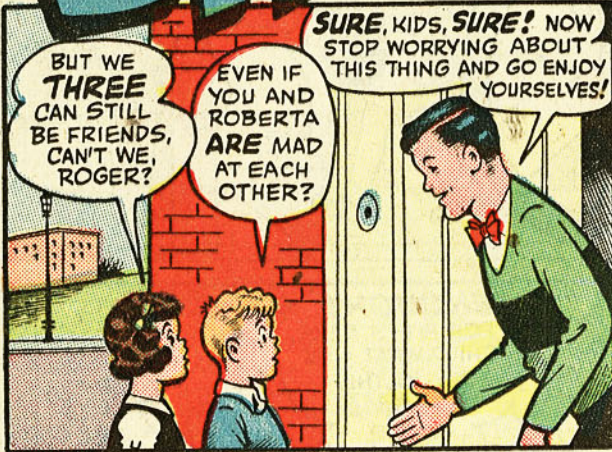


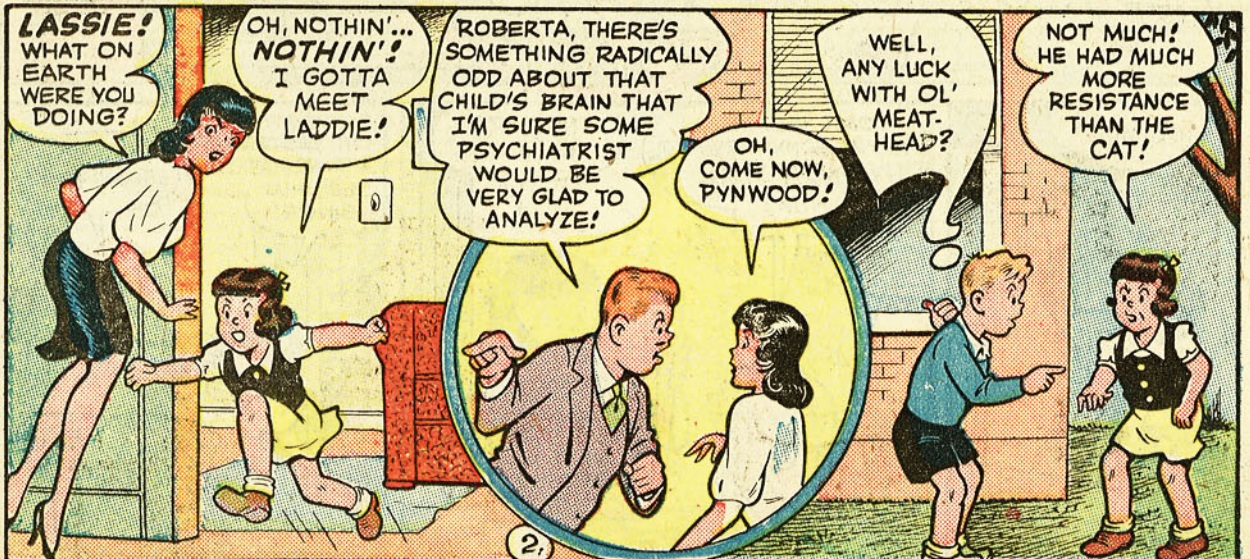
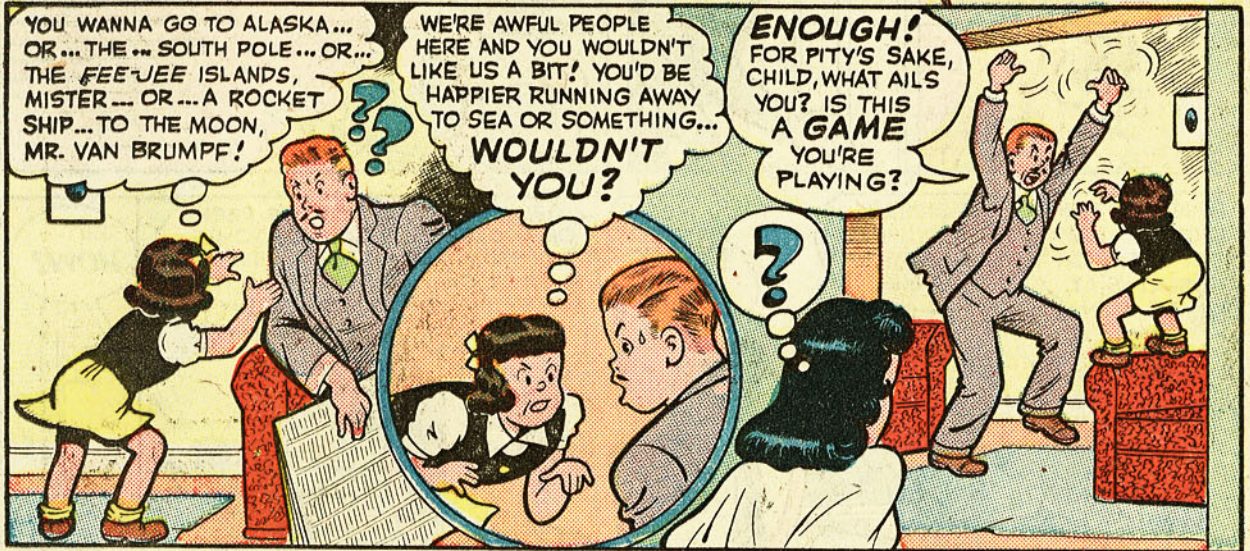
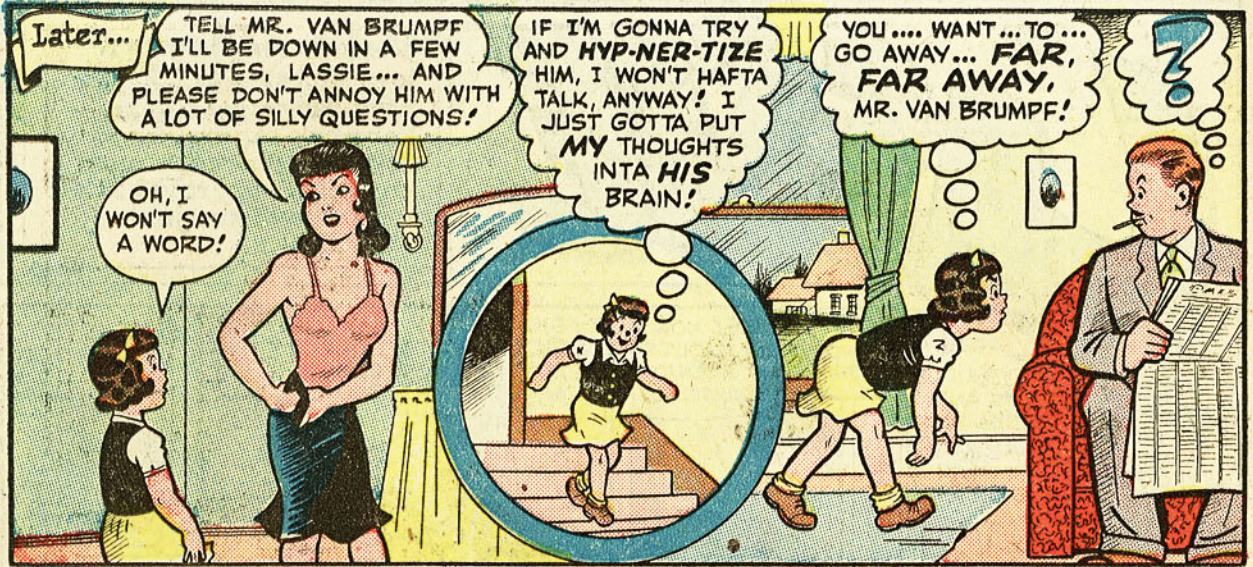
NOT WHILE
I HOLD
THIS TUBE
OF WOOD
TERMITES
!!

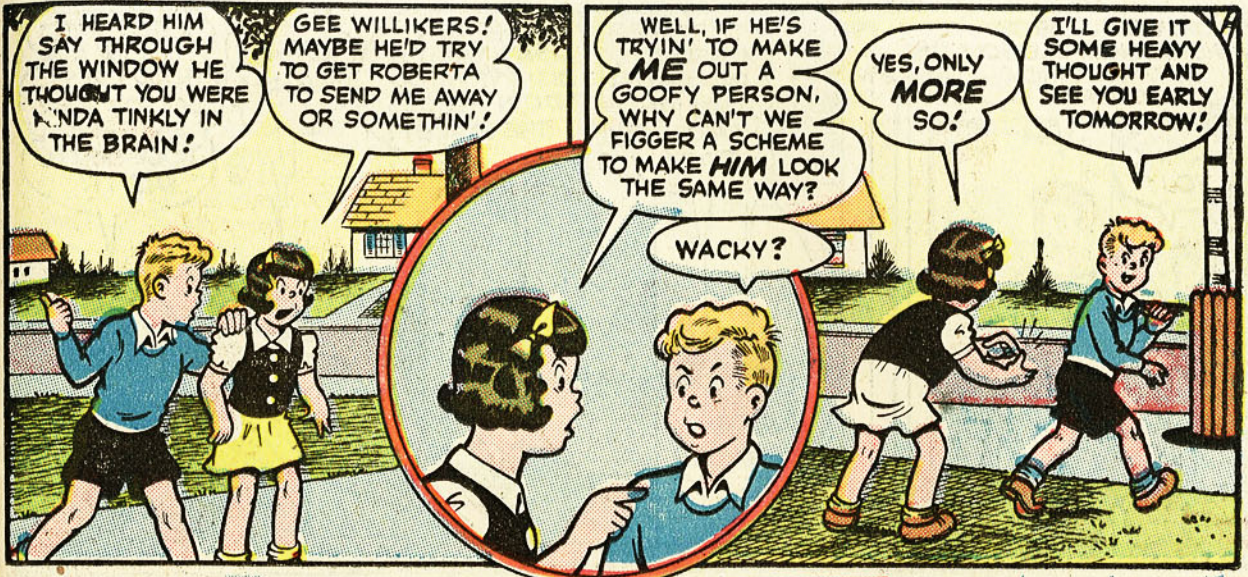


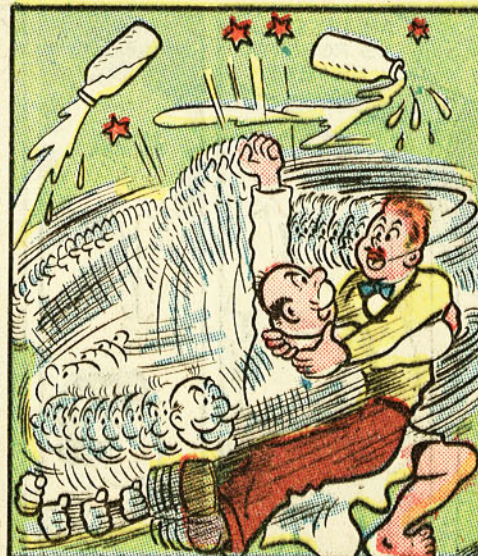
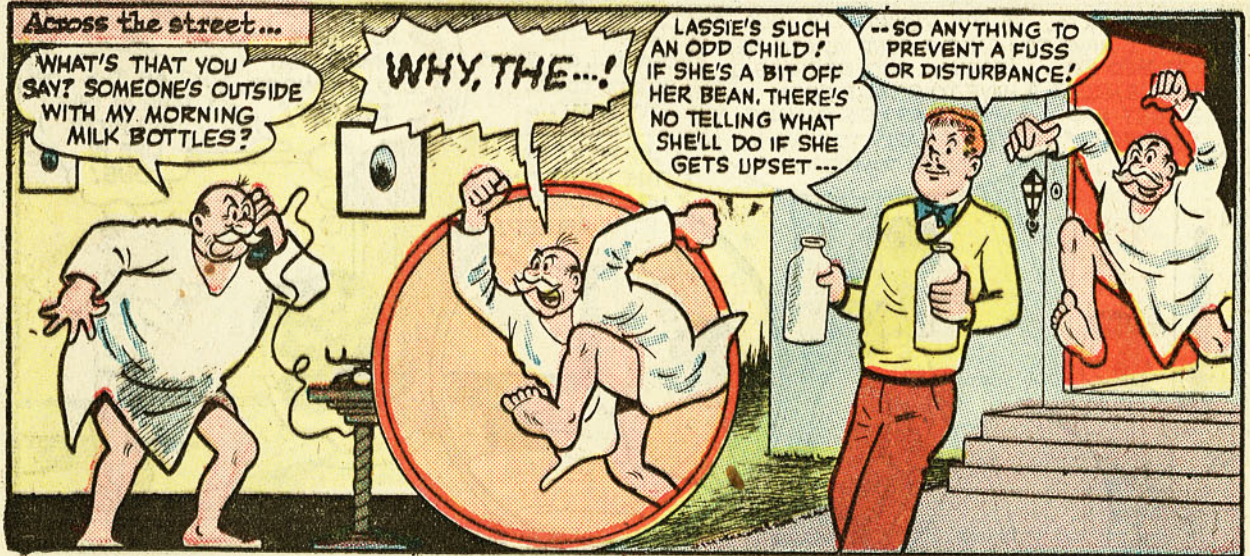
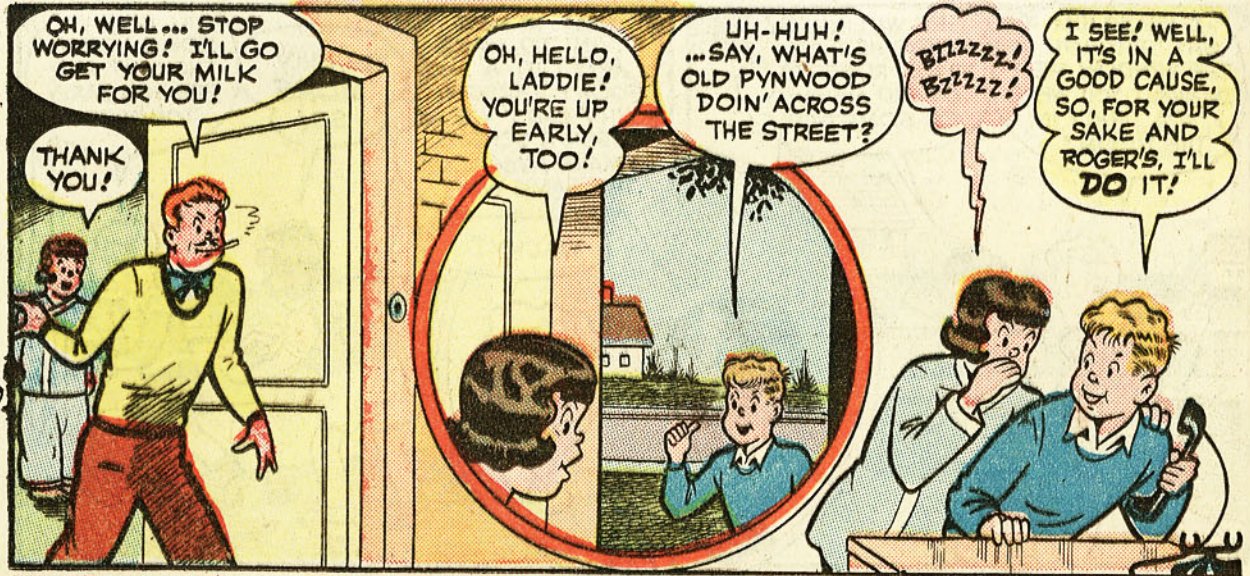
LASSIE

The kids are feeling pretty low! Roberta and Roger have had quite a spat, and Roberta's choice of a new boy friend doesn't meet with their approval at all ... as they have just told Roger!









LET us draw a merciful iron curtain over the sad aftermath of this milky melee! Suffice to say that Pynwood was more convinced than ever that Lassie should be put away! But superb tact and persuasion by Roberta finally mollifies the young man and sets the stage -- alas, for more mix-ups!

While Lassie still tries to square herself and do Roger a good turn at the same time...

BUT HONEST, ROBERTA, I WAS READIN' ABOUT A MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A CAT AND WOULD ONLY EAT WHAT CATS LIKE --- YOU KNOW --- MILK AND FISH --- AND FISH --- AND --- AND, YOU KNOW --- MILK!

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

WELL, ER --- PYNWOOD DID SORTA GO AFTER THAT MILK IN A BIG WAY, DIDN'T HE?

OH, LASSIE, DO STOP TALKING SUCH NONSENSE!

SURE! GIVE PYNWOOD A BREAK, LASSIE! AFTER ALL, HE IS TAKING US TO THE ZOO T'MORRER!

Next day... pain-in-the-neck or not, Pynwood is game! The ZOO...

STAY HERE WITH THE KIDS A MINUTE, WILL YOU, PYNWOOD, WHILE I GET US SOME HOT DOGS?

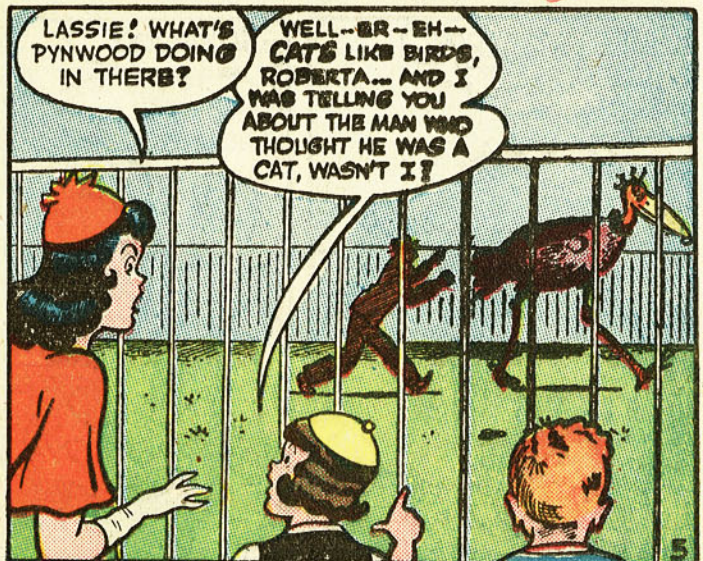
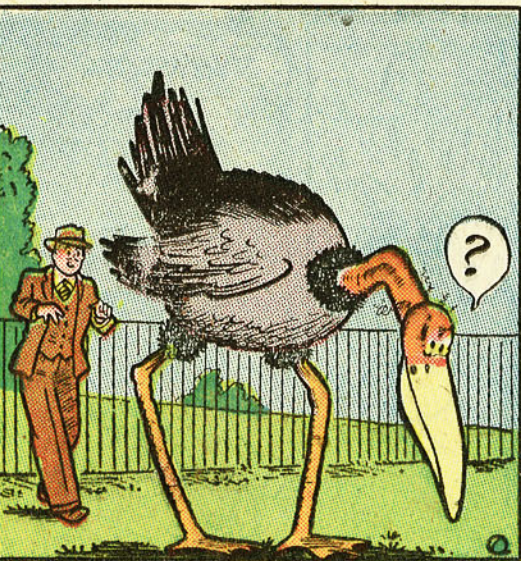
OKAY!

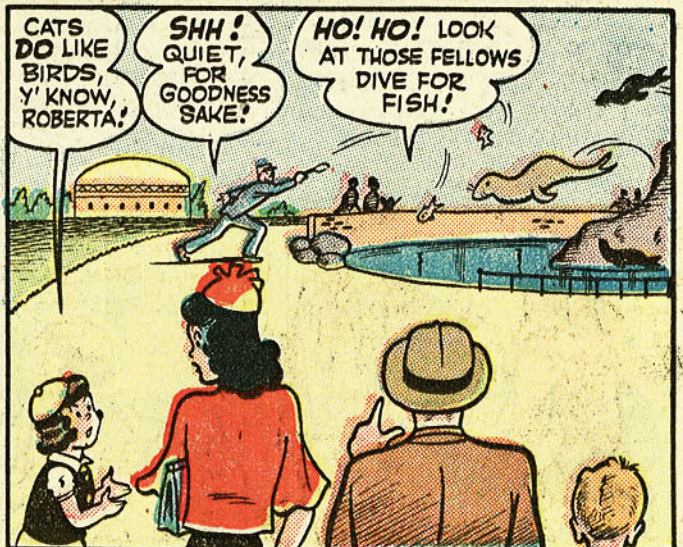
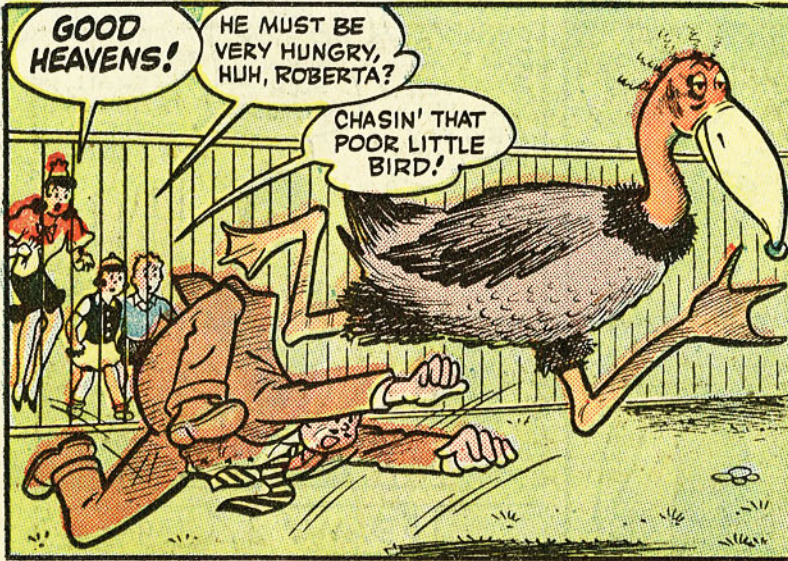
BAW! MY BALL BOUNCED THROUGH THE FENCE!

WELL, STOP CRYING, CHILD --- I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!

LASSIE! WHAT'S PYNWOOD DOING IN THERE?

WELL--ER--EH-- CATS LIKE BIRDS, ROBERTA... AND I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A CAT, WASN'T I?





CATS LIKE FISH, TOO, YOU KNOW, ROBERTA!

DIDJA SEE HIM DIVE FOR THAT ONE?

HELP! GET ME OUTA HERE!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BUD! WE'LL TOSS SOME MORE FISH!

SURE! THEM SEALS CAN'T BEAT YOU TO THE PUNCH, EVERY TIME, KID!

HO! HO! HO! HA! HA! HA!

THROW A FISH TO THE SEALS 5¢ EACH

FISH

PLYWOOD, I'M SO SORRY!

YOU'RE SORRY? LISTEN, ROBERTA...

I'M NO COWARD.... THERE'S IRON AND STEEL IN MY VEINS! MY ANCESTORS SETTLED THIS LAND AND PIONEERED ITS PLAINS! THEY FOUGHT, SUFFERED, AND DIED IN EVERY WAR THIS COUNTRY EVER FOUGHT! I'M A GAME GUY! I CAN TAKE IT AS WELL AS ANY MAN, BUT, SO HELP ME, THERE'S A LIMIT TO WHAT FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND! IF YOUR SISTER LASSIE ISN'T A LUNATIC, THEN, BY GODFREY ---

--- SHE IS A JINX! GOODBYE, FOREVER!

GEE! FOR A CAT, THOUGH, HE DOES COME FROM A NICE FAMILY, DOESN'T HE?

OH, GIVE ME STRENGTH!

ROBERTA, WOULD YOU PLEASE DO ME A BIG FAVOR?

So Roger gets a phone call...

WHAT'S THAT?... IT'S YOU, ROBERTA... AND YOU WANT ME TO JOIN YOU AT THE ZOO? OH, BOY, WILL I?... EEEYOW! AM I HAPPY!

I GUESS I'M HAPPY, TOO, KIDS!

YOU BET, ROBERTA-US, TOO!

US THREE!

TAILOR'S GOLD

MORNE had been warned against it. There was every reason to believe that the warnings were on the level. He had, himself, heard of the terrible tribe that lived beyond the headwaters of the Nobi River in Afghanistan. He had heard also of the gold that lay in that far vastness.

Adolf Morne meant to get some of that gold!

As he rode along on the patient little bush mule, he let his thoughts rove. His had been a life of little interest. Living in cramped London, working as a tailor, he had had only one diversion—reading, reading exciting accounts of explorers and big game hunters and men who went to the far corners of the earth for thrills and knowledge. He had always told himself that if he were not a tailor, and poor on top of it, he would be one of these men.

Then the chance came for which he had been looking all his thirty-two years of life. He had bought a sweepstakes ticket one blustery day from a street vendor. He had put it into his pocket and promptly forgot it.

The great race had been run. But Adolf Morne didn't know he was a winner until the messenger came to his flat one night and knocked loudly. Morne had answered the door, accepted the message, and for a moment had been afraid to open it. Telegrams always presaged bad news, didn't they? Yet, Morne had no kin. He ripped the envelope open.

YOUR TICKET ON MATCHLESS WON FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS. CALL AT OFFICES OF CASEY AND ALBRIGHT MONDAY.

Adolf Morne had slumped down on the doorsill and looked stricken. It couldn't be true. He knew that it must be some monstrous joke.

"No," he told himself over and over again. "It can't be. Not me. Anybody else but me." He pinched himself several times. Then he got up and closed the door. For the rest of the evening he sat as one in a trance. Then at a late hour he went to bed.

Morne didn't show up at his tailoring shop the next morning. It was Monday. He went instead to the address given in the wire. After a short delay, in which he had to prove himself really Adolf Morne, a draft for fifty-thousand pounds was placed in his hands. He staggered out of the office and never did know how he got home.

He had all that money! Now he could indulge his one ambition—to make a long trip searching for treasure and adventure!

Morne never returned to his tailoring shop. He boarded a ship for Asia. That was long weeks ago. It was in a bazaar in Turkey that he heard about the gold that was to be had in northern Afghanistan.

And now he sat on a little mule headed for the very spot. He looked up into the pale cold blue of the skies. A vulture wheeled high, probably eyeing him as a likely candidate for dinner. He spoke to his mule. The little creature sped up a bit.

In due course, Morne came to a high ridge of rock hills. This was, he knew, the border between safety and probable death. The tribesmen who lived beyond this ride, he had been warned, were truly deadly people. A few persons had penetrated to their land. None had ever returned. Morne somehow could not think that death would overtake him here in this forsaken land. One thing he wanted: to be buried in the little churchyard in Bath. This was a long weary march across the seas to Bath. If he actually died in these wild hills, no one would ever know. There was no one to claim his body. No, the vultures would claim it.

He crossed the ridge and headed down toward the vast valley that lay sprawled at his feet. The wind blew hard and it felt cold. He knew that down in the valley it would be warm. He urged the mule forward.

He chose a nice campsite along a wide but shallow stream. A few strange looking trees shaded the camp. It was not only warm in the valley, it was hot—Blistering hot! Morne

drank at the stream and let his mule drink.

It was good to be alive and to be the possessor of fifty thousand pounds. He knew, something kept telling him, that this fifty thousand would soon grow to be many times fifty. He meant to find gold!

He found it long before he hoped to. He was dipping up a pan of water one morning, for making bread, when he spied something yellowish and glittering in the bed of the stream. He picked it up. Gold! Morne had read several books on minerology and placer mining. He knew gold when he saw it.

He forgot all about bread. He set to work panning. He panned all that day. By evening he had a sack of nuggets that weighed several pounds. Already he was growing rich and he had only landed in this fabulous country.

Day after day, Morne panned gold. Once he found a veritable ledge of solid gold, which when he had hacked it loose from its mother rock, he found weighed more than a paving brick.

Rich!

Morne kept all his gold right where he could look at it during the long evenings and nights. He liked to see the firelight sparkle on it. He even had most of his fifty thousand pounds, in notes, propped up among the gold nuggets. He loved the very beauty of it.

One evening, as he sat dreaming about the fire, a sudden thought struck him: his mule would be unable to carry out all the gold he had found. Even if he walked, the mule could not carry much over two hundred pounds. He knew he had more than that weight already. He'd have to stop and start out of the region. He'd sell his gold in Kabul.

Morne began hurriedly packing the little animal with two heavy sacks, each of them crammed with more than one hundred of yellow, lovely nuggets. It made a great load, and the little mule didn't like it at all.

Morne talked to his mule, explaining how important it was that they reach Kabul. The little mule must be brave. He, Morne, would not forget this bravery. Much grain and hay would be the mule's lot when they arrived in civilization.

Adolf Morne began leading the mule along the miles of sandy terrain that lay between

his camp and the foothills of the ridge he had crossed to enter this land.

He had taken as much water as he could himself carry; the mule could carry nothing except the gold. That was load enough.

About half way across the dreary waste, with a new sandstorm whipping across the plain, yet not withal too bothersome, Morne thought he detected a few dark dots low on the horizon. They were moving. He watched them as he trudged along, tired and very thirsty. They seemed to grow larger. They were indeed coming his way, the terrible tribesmen!

Morne whipped his mule and called to it in begging tones. They must reach the ridge and get over it. The tribesmen would surely eat them both otherwise. But the mule put on no more speed. The dots grew larger.

Morne broke into a run, smacking at the mule's rump with a leather strap. The animal responded a bit. Then suddenly the earth gave way beneath the man's feet and he was plunging down—down—

With a great splash he hit water. He sank far beneath the surface. Then he bobbed to the top and his head broke through. He gasped for breath.

It seemed that he was racing along with a great tide. In the grip of a swift current, Morne was swept along. What had happened to him he had no idea. Where had he fallen to? What had become of the mule and the gold?

Morne struggled with the current but he could not get loose. All was pitch dark in the tunnel through which his body shot. Then a speck of gray showed ahead. He shot into the bright daylight and found himself in a clear, limpid lake. He knew then what had happened: he had fallen through the earth's crust and landed smack in an underground river. It had just emptied him into this lake.

He recognized the lake; it was many miles from the ridge. He knew that if the mule had fallen too, its great weight of gold would have drawn it quickly to the bottom. His gold was lost. So was his fifty thousand pounds.

It was a long trek back to Kabul. He would have to beg his way back to England. He was glad he hadn't sold his tailoring shop!

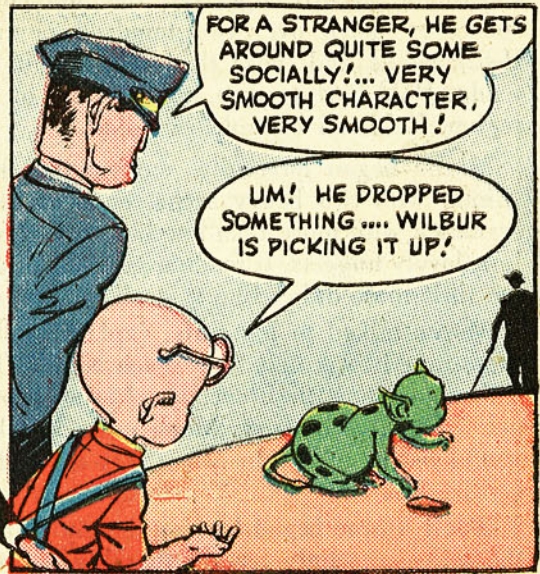
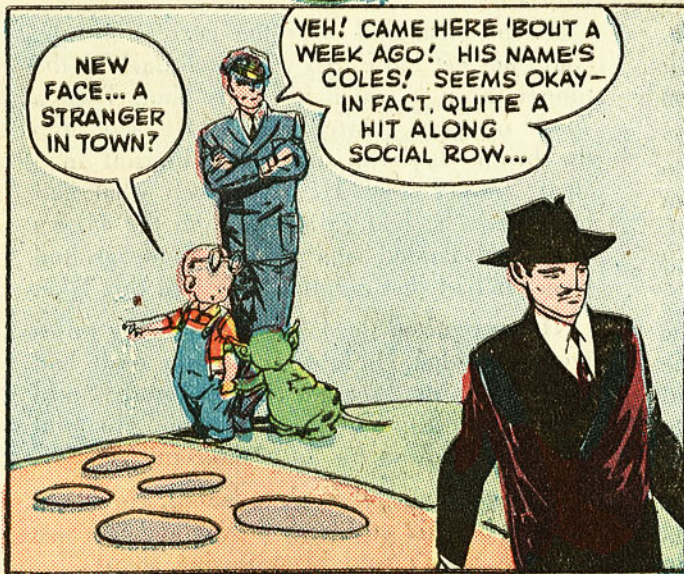
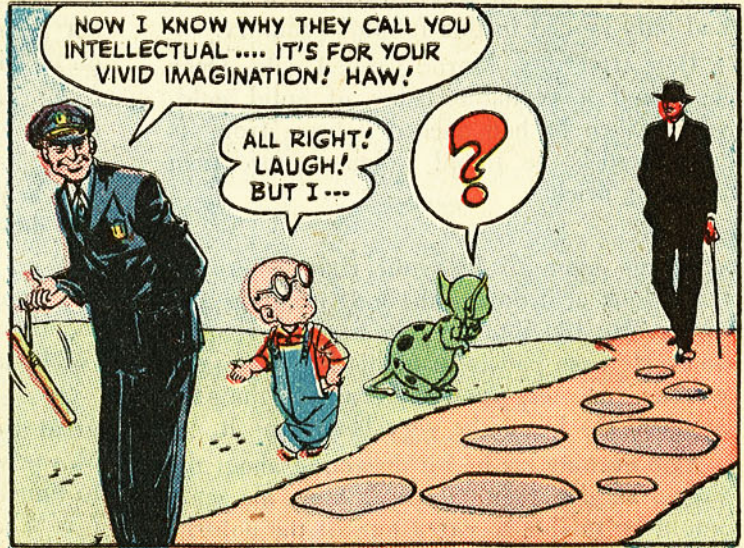
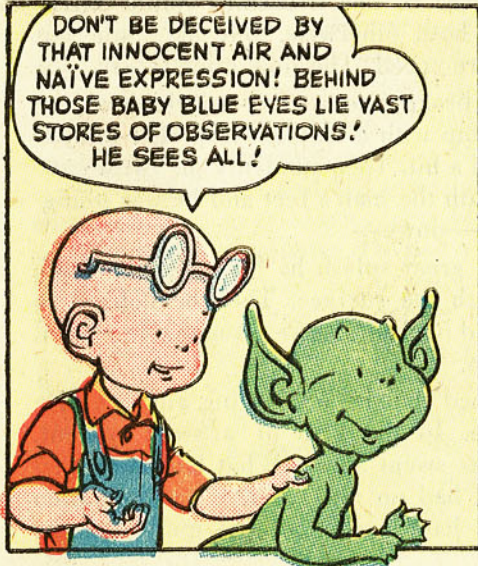
TELL ME
SOMETHING,
AMOS...

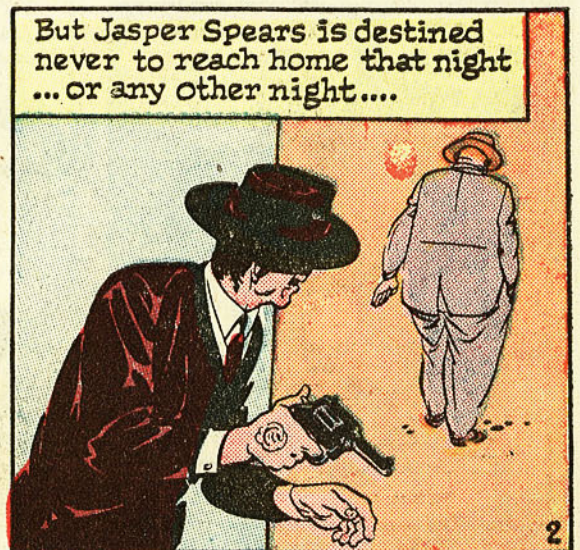
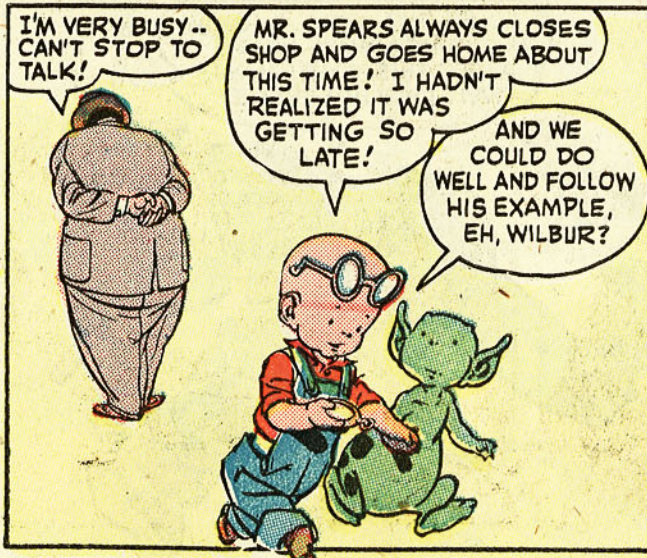
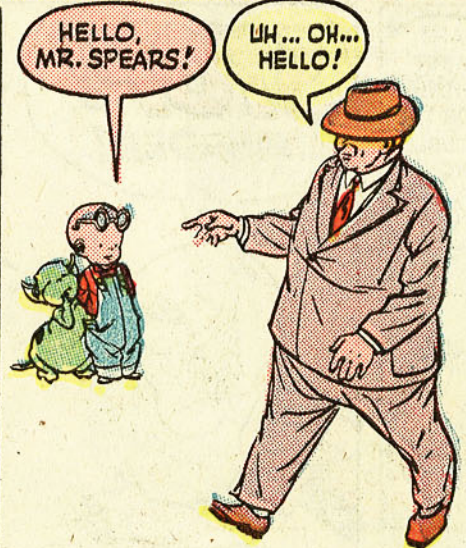
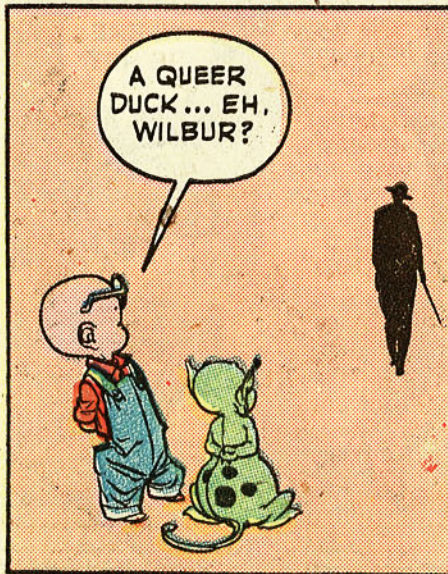
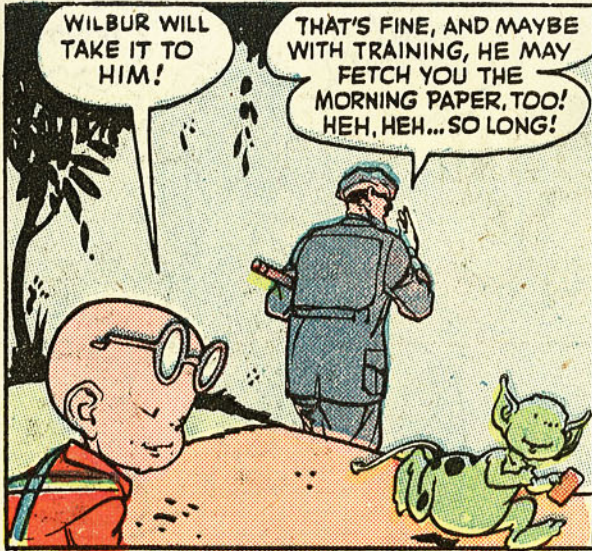
...WHERE DID YOU EVER
FIND THAT DUMB LOOKING
GOBLIN?

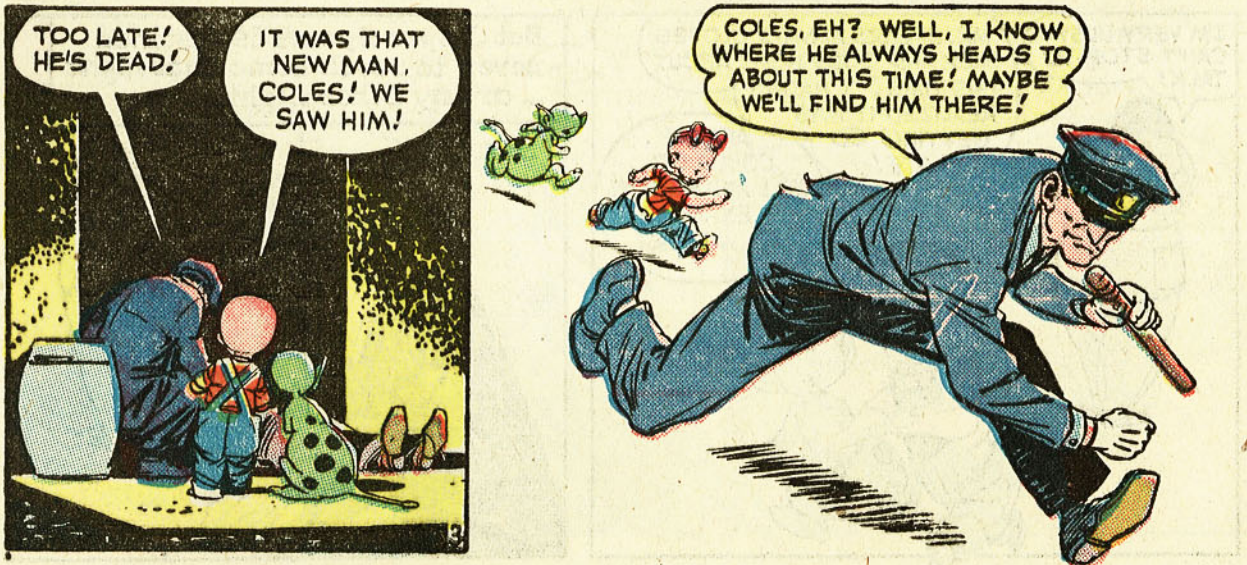
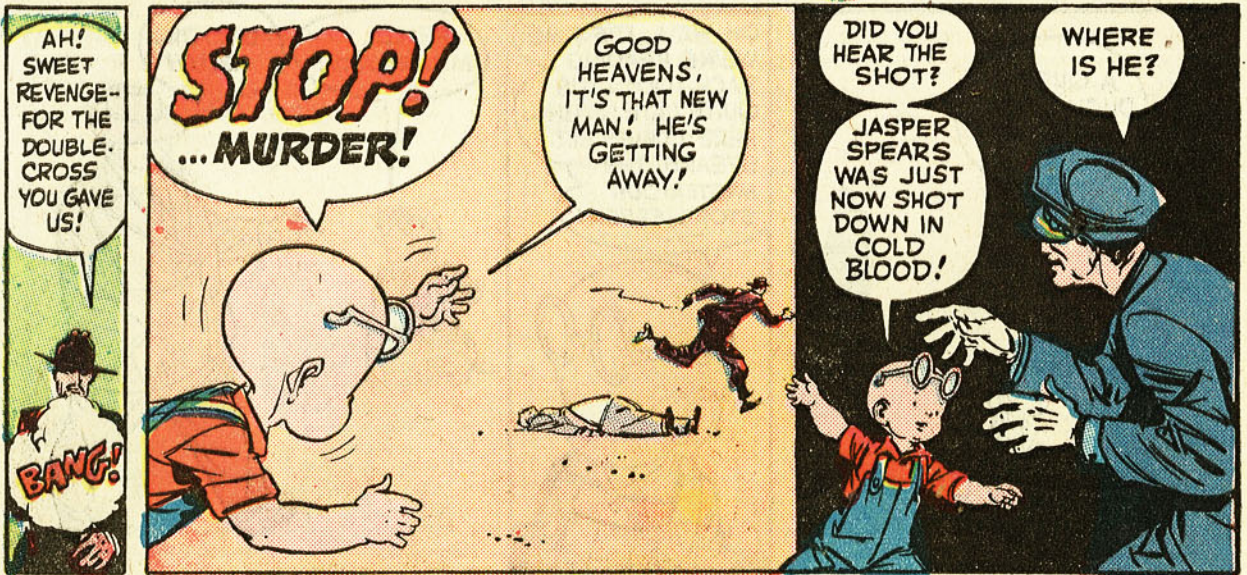
WHO -- WILBUR? HE'S
NOT SO DUMB AS
HE MAY LOOK!

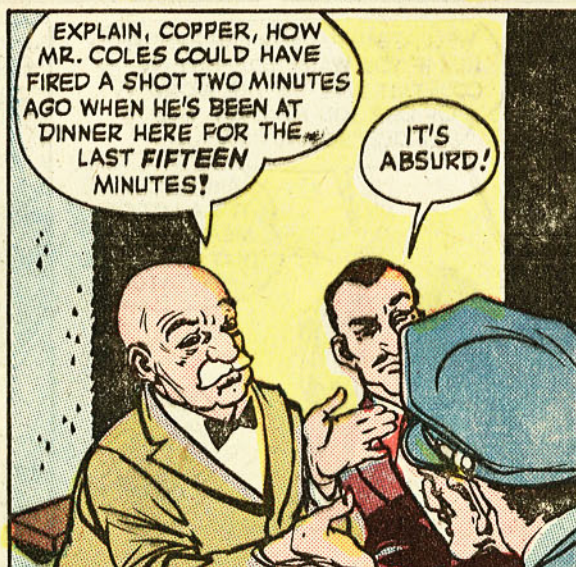
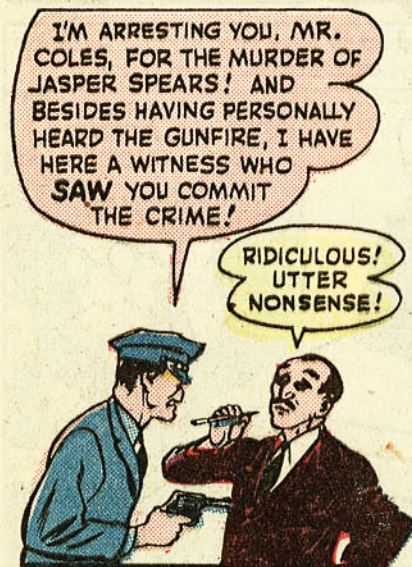
INTELLECTUAL AMOS

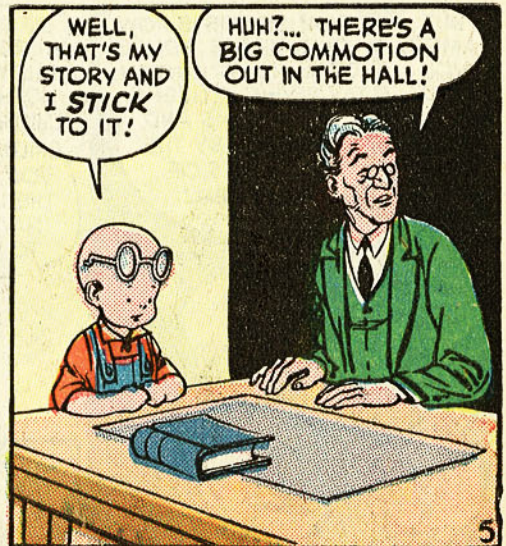
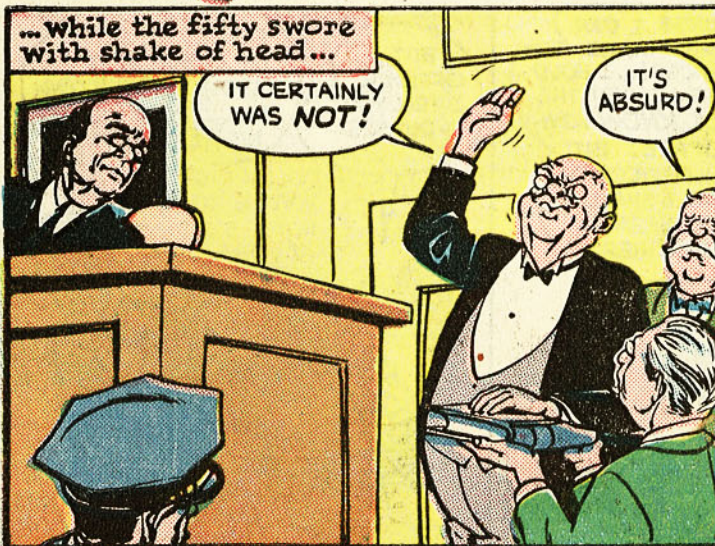
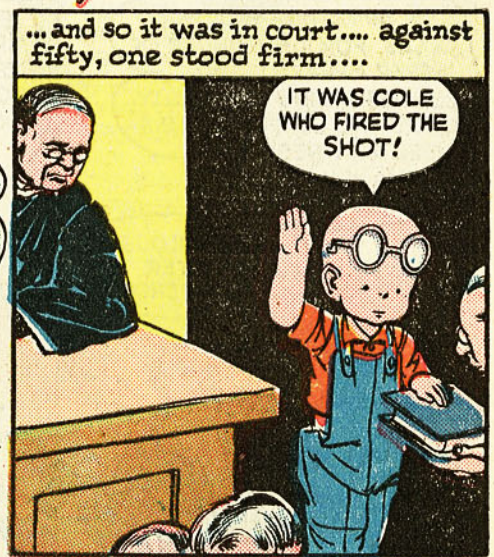
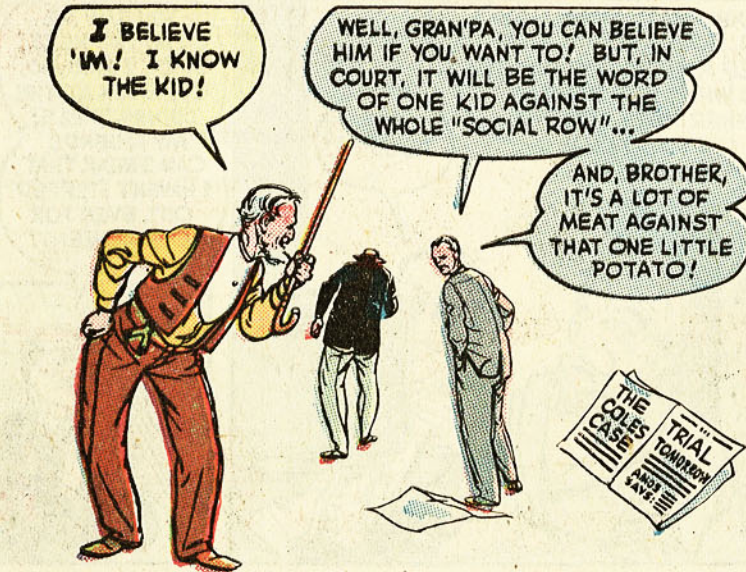
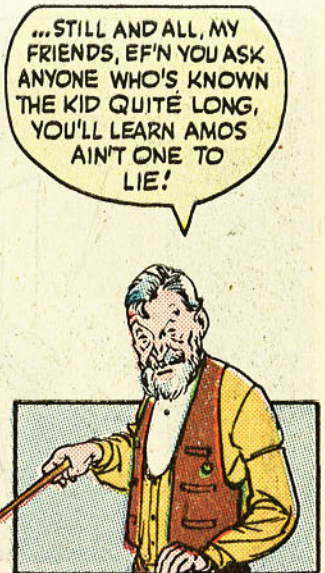
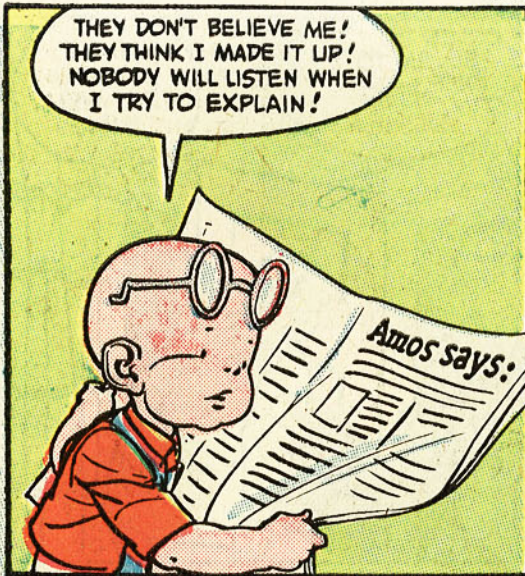
by
André LeBlanc

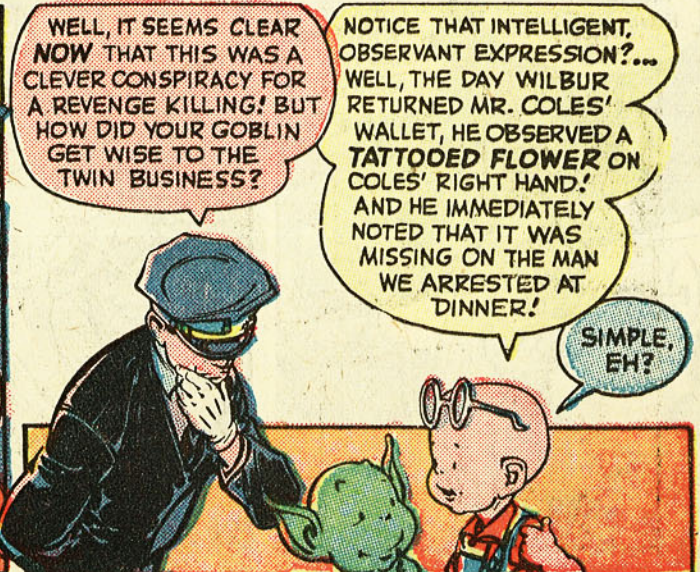
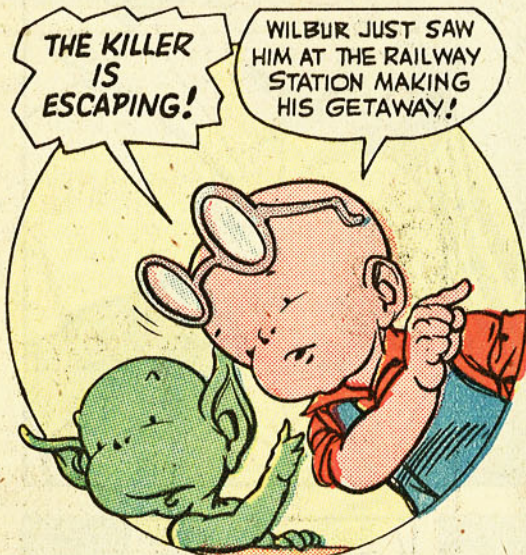
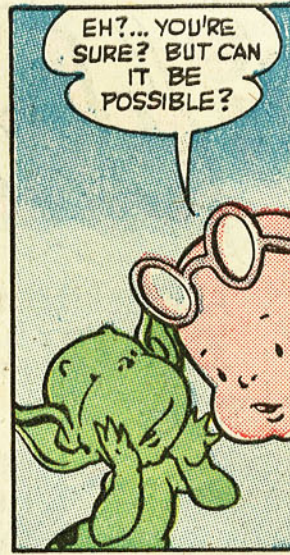
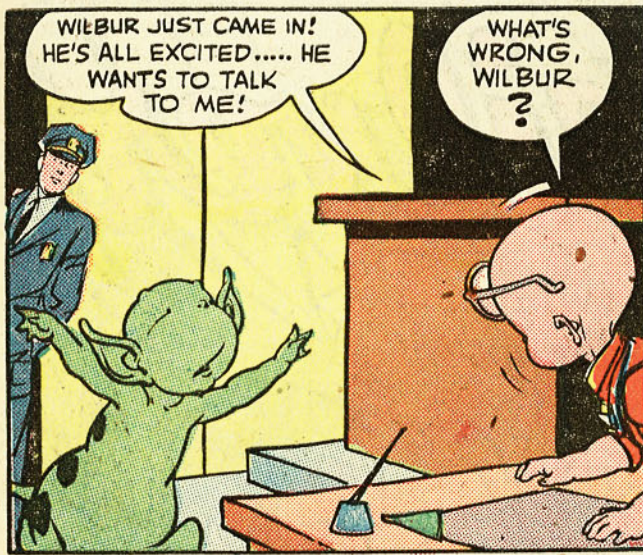






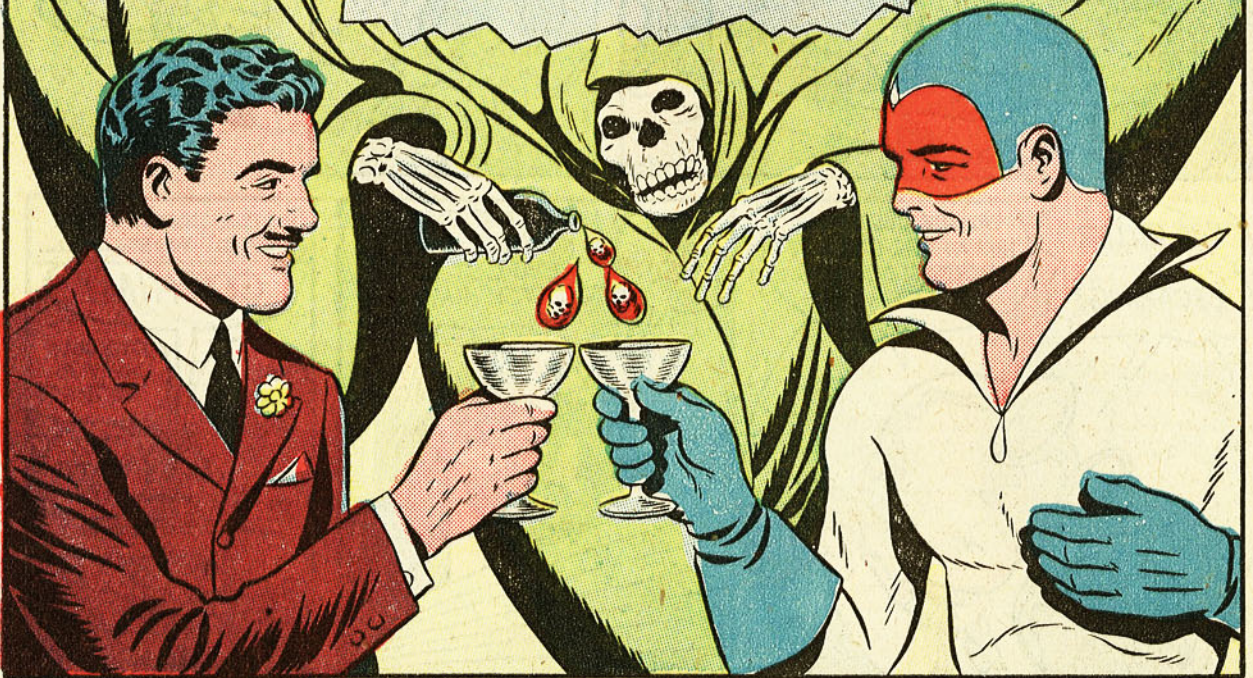






Quicksilver

A toast to the winner...
DEATH to the loser!



ONE SECOND
MORE AND I'LL
HAVE THIS SAFE
OPEN!

WHO'S
THERE?
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



DON'T BOTHER
TO STOP! -- THIS
IS ONLY THE
BUTLER!

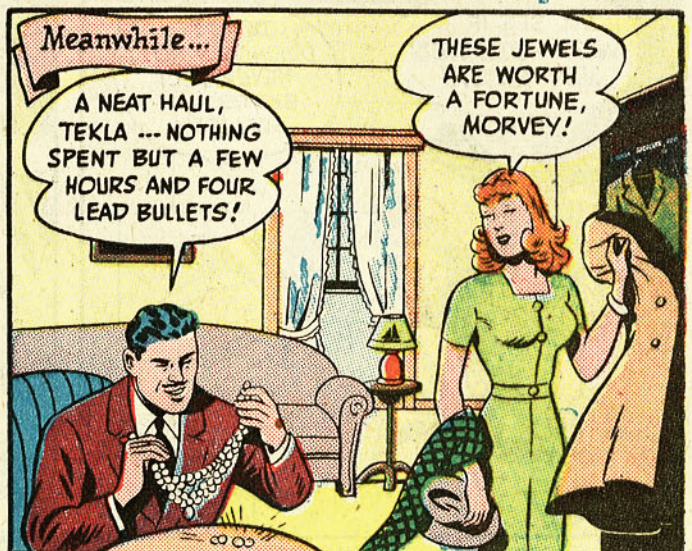
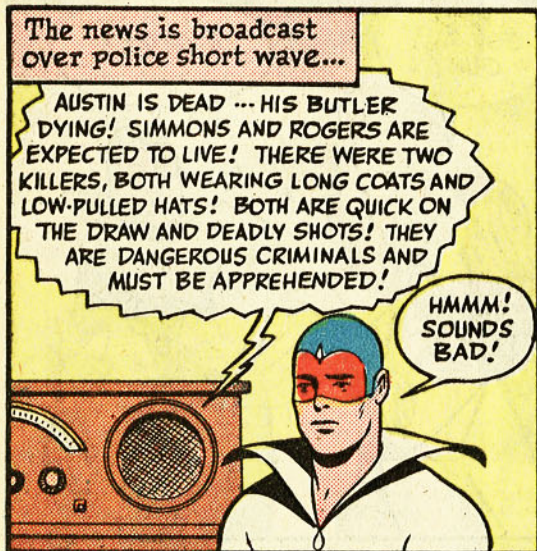
FINISH
HIM! I'LL
HAVE A
FISTFUL
OF ROCKS!



SOMEONE'S ON THE
STAIRS! THIS WILL
STOP HIM!

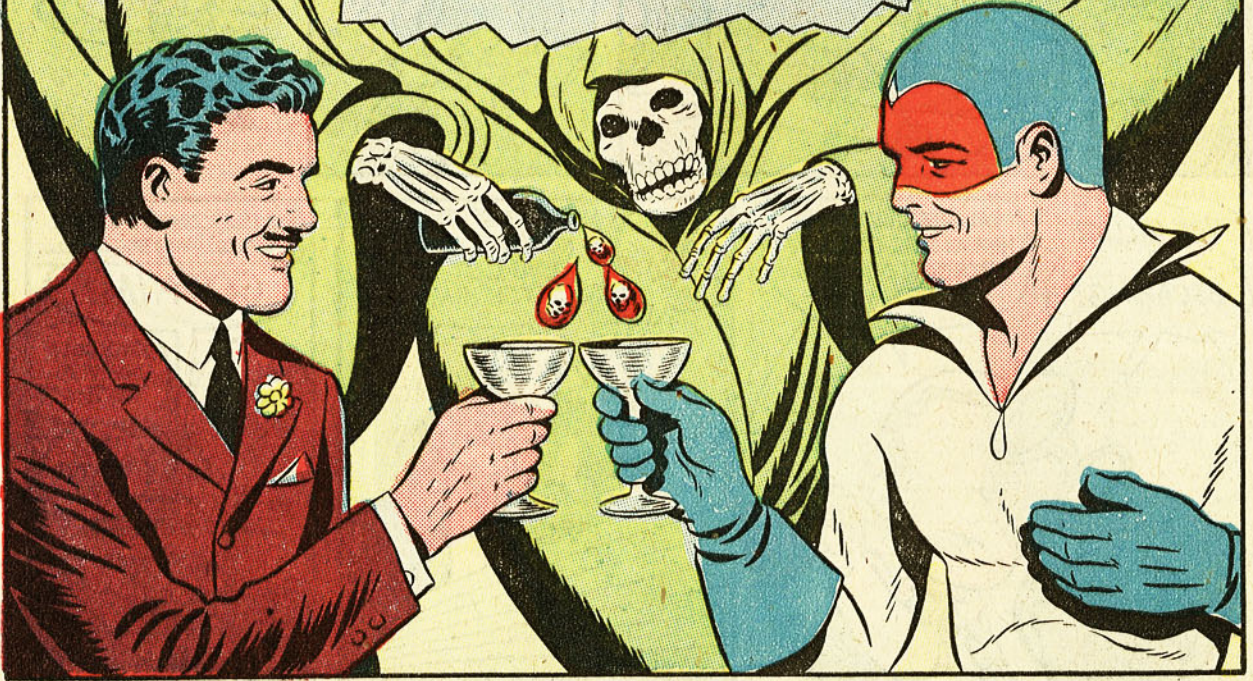
SO WILL THIS!
--PERMANENTLY!





Quicksilver

A toast to the winner...
DEATH to the loser!



ONE SECOND
MORE AND I'LL
HAVE THIS SAFE
OPEN!

WHO'S
THERE?
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



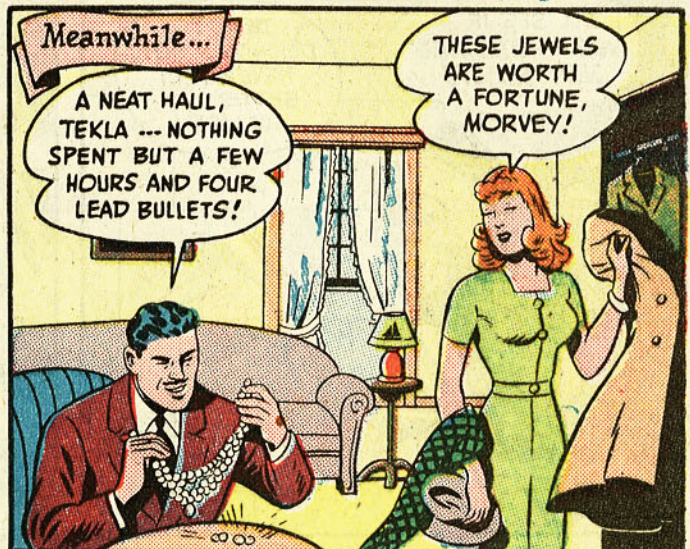
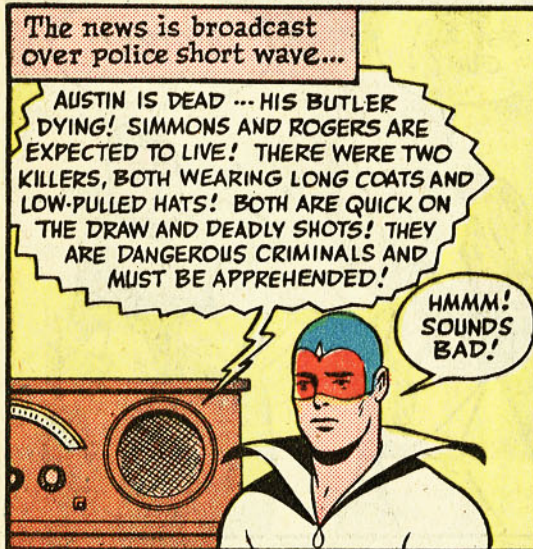
DON'T BOTHER
TO STOP! -- THIS
IS ONLY THE
BUTLER!

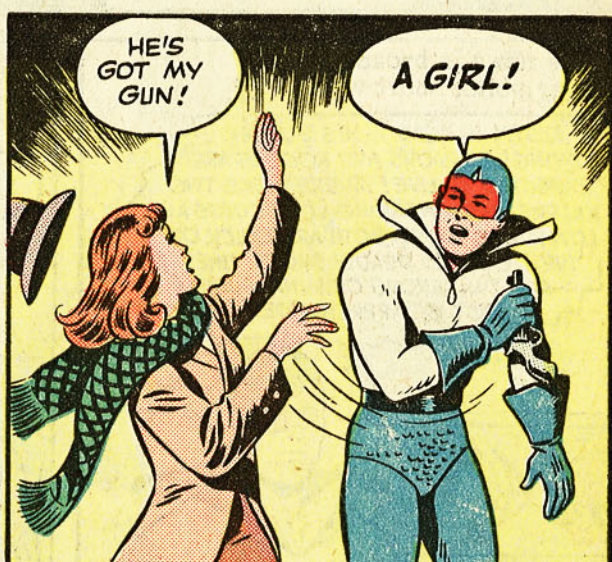
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HIM! I'LL
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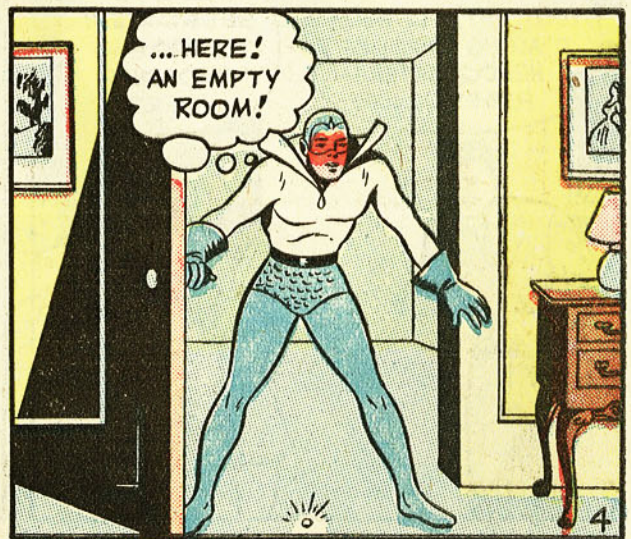
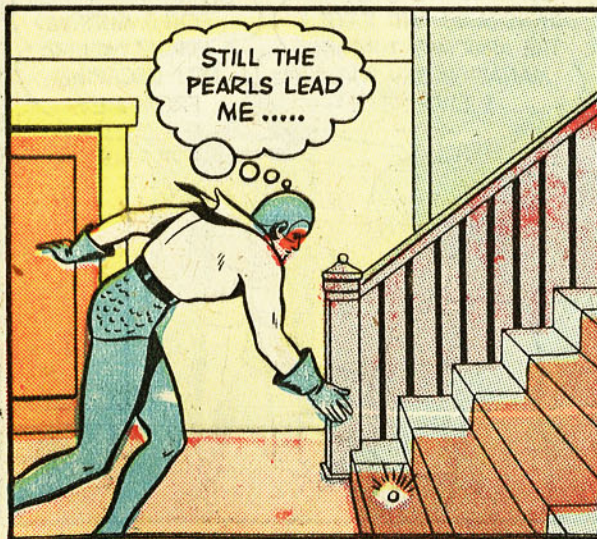
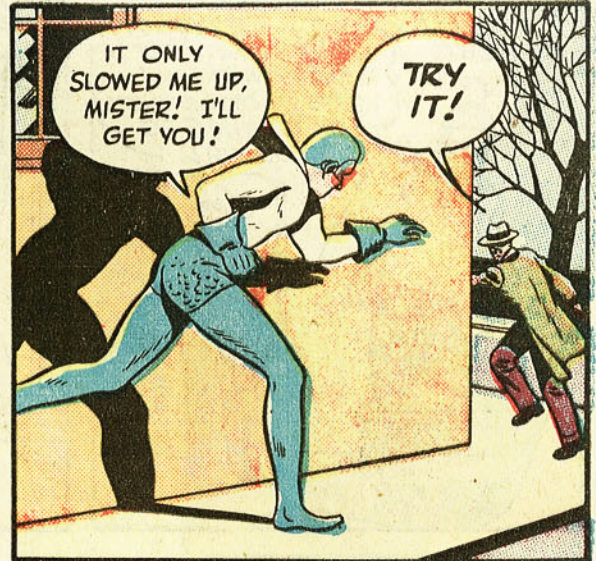
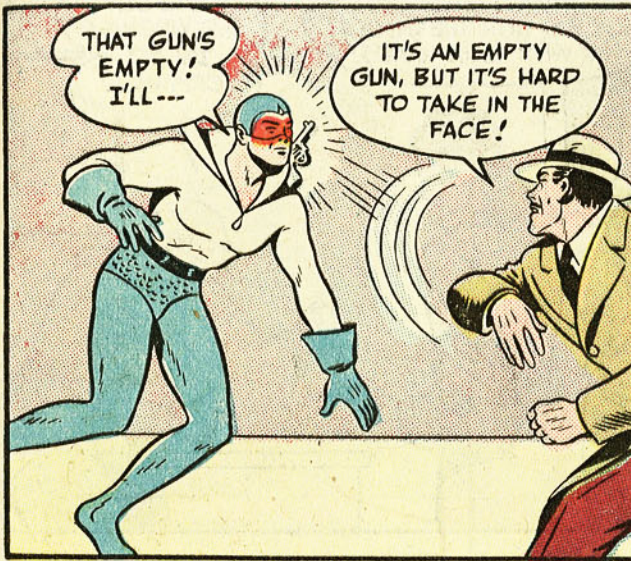


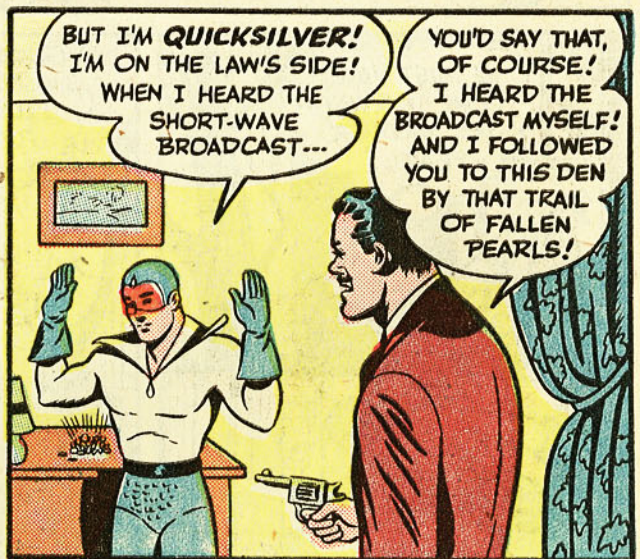
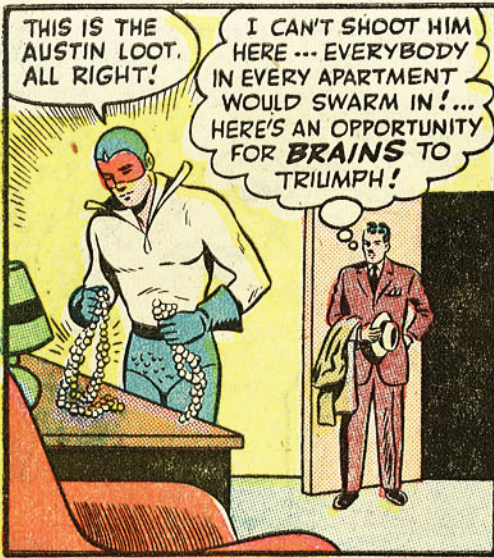
SOMEONE'S ON THE
STAIRS! THIS WILL
STOP HIM!

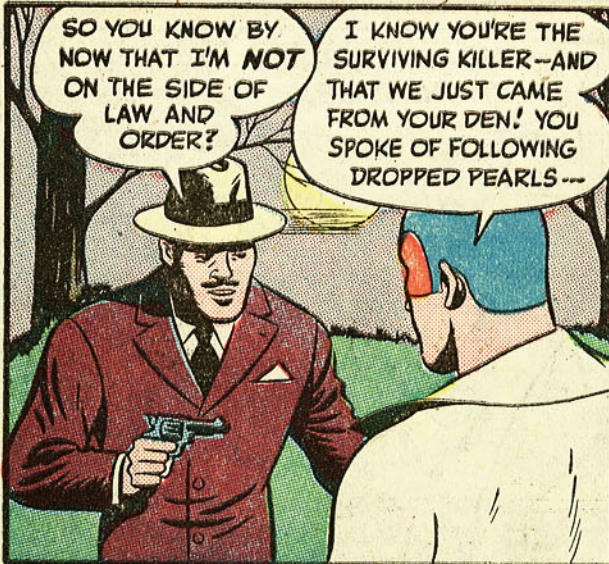
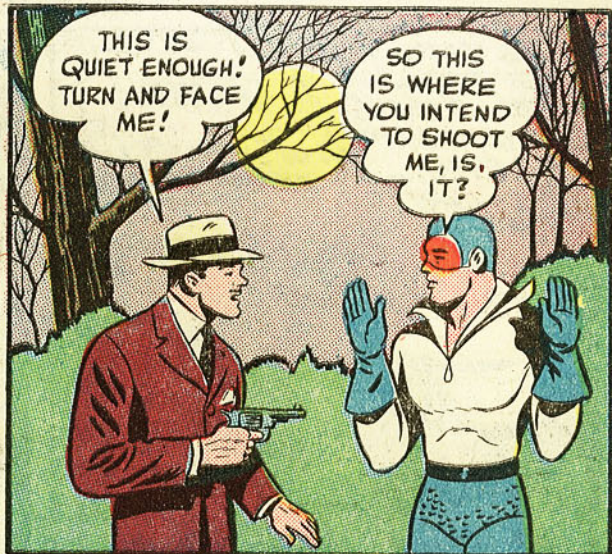
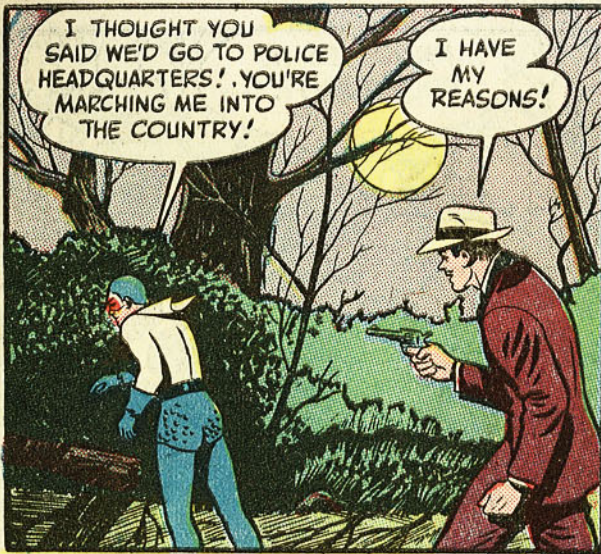
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--PERMANENTLY!

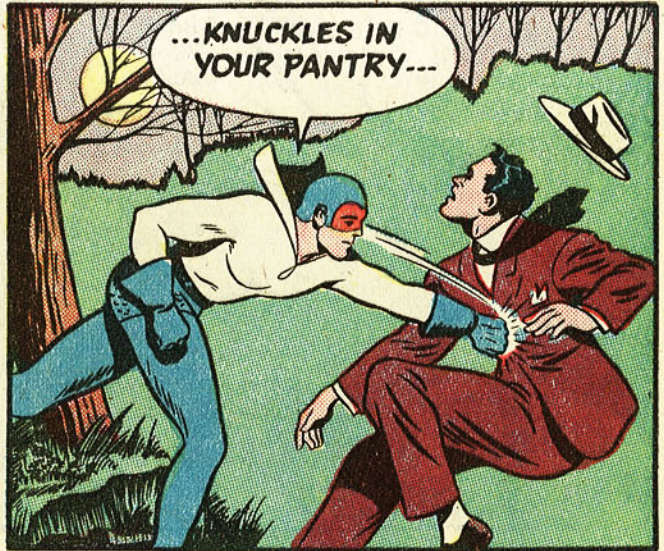












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PROMPT SHIPMENT

ORDER DIRECT TO DAY!



Box of 5 rolls caps only 15c
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Genuine Cowhide Holster for Famous "G-Boy" Gun \$2

- RAPID FIRING! • LOOKS LIKE A REAL "45"
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- HAS LOUD EXPLOSIVE REPORT

It's a thriller. Yes! Looks and feels like the Automatic "45's" carried by our Army Officers... with a plastic "Pearl" handle. Easy to reload. Any boy would gladly give his entire allowance for one of these.

\$1.95

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I enclose \$..... Ship at once via express, charges collect,

G-Boy Repeating Cap pistols, rolls of caps, and holsters.

Name.....

Please Print Name and Address

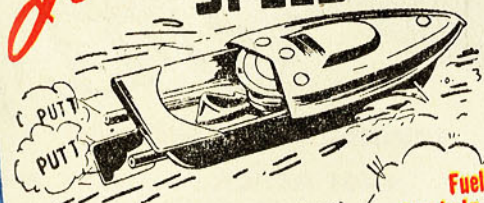
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City..... State.....

Established 1906

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Actually sounds like a real speedboat!

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No Gears!

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All Metal! No Moving Parts

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ORDER DIRECT... TODAY... PROMPT SHIPMENT

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117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. MR. Chicago 3, Illinois

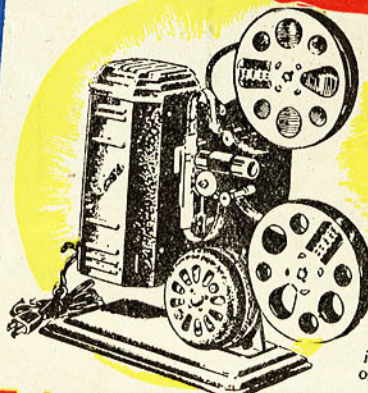
Enclosed is \$..... Send at once.
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

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Street or R.F.D..... State.....

City..... Established 1906

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A Laugh a Minute Cartoon Films

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- Crazy Kat
- The 3 Stooges
- Scrappy

in 100 ft. Rolls at only \$2.75 a roll.

Enjoy the Fun of Movies at Home!

This is the Finest Low-Priced Motor-Driven Projector Available. Comes furnished with a 200 ft. Take-up Reel, 2-inch lens in focusing mount, tilting device, 120-watt lamp, accessible Spring Belt Drive, Motor Driven Rewind, Switch control Motor, Baked on Enamel Finish and Power-House Type Constant speed motor, A.C. only. Shipping wt. 7 lbs.

FOR ONLY

\$17.50

(Movie Projector)

Plus Postage

MAIL COUPON NOW!

UTILITY STORES, 117 S. Wabash, Dept. MR., Chicago 3, Ill.

Please ship as indicated below:

Excel 16MM Movie Projectors at \$17.50 \$.....

100 ft. Rolls of "Laugh a Minute"

Cartoons at \$2.75

\$.....

Postage.....

For which I enclose \$.....

Check Films Wanted: ☐ Crazy Kat ☐ Scrappy

☐ Our Gang Comedies ☐ The 3 Stooges

Name.....

Street or R.F.D.....

City.....

State.....

Sim Prentice
ANNOUNCES AN

AMAZING NEW
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*Exciting
new principle!*

Boys!

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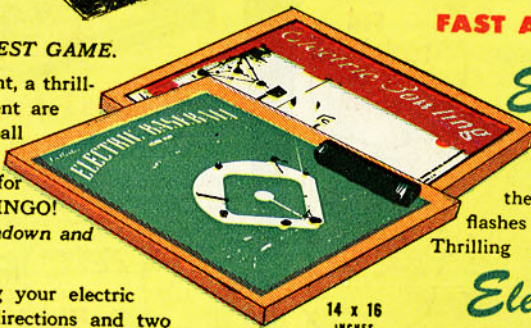
Now packed with new electrical excitement, a thrilling new principle. You and your opponent are quarterback—field general! Smart football usually wins. Imagine this: Score 7 to 7 . . . only two minutes to play. You call for a long pass, trick play or end run . . . ZINGO! the lights flash . . . it's over for a touchdown and win. \$2.50

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INCHES

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☐ ELECTRIC BOWLING \$2.50
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